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WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA

YVONNE FITZROY

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WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE AUTHOR AT RENI.

Frontispiece.

WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA

BY YVONNE FITZROY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.
1918

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

ELSIE MAUD INGLIS

M.B., C.M., ETC.

FOUNDER OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS

AND C.M.O. OF THE LONDON UNITS

Died November 26th, 1917

SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM

449009

FOREWORD

It is to the memory of our beloved leader that the following pages are dedicated. I would do so in love and gratitude. Brief as was the time in which we were allowed to share in the great work of her life, the memory of its inspiration is, and will remain for ever, undying.

Alongside the wider public loss, the full and noble public recognition, there stands in the shadow the unspoken sorrow of her Unit. The price has been paid, and paid as Dr. Inglis herself would have wished it on the high completion of a chapter in her work, but we stand bowed before the knowledge of how profound and how selfless was that surrender. Month after month her courage and her endurance never flagged. Daily and hourly, in the very agony of

suffering and death, she gave her life by inches.

Sad and more difficult though the road must seem to us now, our privilege has been a proud one: to have served and worked with her, to have known the unfailing support of her strength and sympathy, and, best of all, to be permitted to preserve through life the memory and the stimulus of a supreme ideal.

YVONNE FITZROY.

LONDON,
January, 1918.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

WITH THE SCOTTISH NURSES IN ROUMANIA

AUGUST 1916—JUNE, 1917

CHAPTER I

AUGUST—SEPTEMBER

August 28th, 1916. Liverpool.

JUST the wettest day you can imagine. My luggage consists of one kit-bag, one haversack, and a rug. Inside the rug I have concealed a fur-lined British warm—this against all Rules and Regulations.

The family and I arrived at Euston at 2. Mercifully one feels less oneself in this grey kit, and one's belongings have a super-military air which discourages the civilian emotions! Particularly the water-bottle; a real Service one this, that seems to cry out for the battlefield and together with those lovely Red Cross labels "Russia," make the world enormous and all adventures

possible. Nevertheless being seen off is not fun.

I travelled up with B. Here we are living very comfortably in the Station Hotel, and I, with supreme good luck, have got a room to myself. We reported to Miss H. our Administrator, had dinner together, and went to bed.

It's exciting being alone—thoroughly and completely alone for the first time in one's life. It's quite different from being lonely. One is not that—yet. But to be alone in the sense of belonging thoroughly to oneself, not to have people around that expect anything of you or know anything about you. They've got to discover everything and so have you, because you don't the least know any more than they what you are going to do or to be like in this altogether new world. It's a dangerous, rocky kind of a feeling in a way, but it's stimulating, even now I wouldn't be missing it.

August 29th. Liverpool.

A comfortable night, and a very good breakfast. Most of the Unit have assembled, some here and some at another Hotel.

We were free all the morning, so I roamed round the town, and bought a box of the very best Egyptian cigarettes with the remains of my English money! After luncheon the entire Unit was photographed, and C. turned up, looking very smart in her khaki (Transport Section) uniform. The general public take a good deal of interest in us, and are divided in opinion as to whether we are a South Wales Regiment or merely a new form of Girl-guide.

We drove down to the docks about 4, and went on board the boat to get our passports. We are sailing on a ship captured from the Austrians in the Mediterranean, and we are told she is good, but she's not large, and is most exceedingly dirty.

B. and I share a cabin with another woman, who is certainly mad. We are lying close to the *Mauretania*. Got steam up about 10 p.m., and lay in the river all night.

August 31*st*. At Sea.

We weighed anchor about 8.30 p.m. A good speech from Dr. I., and life-belts were distributed and fitted on by a harassed

Steward, and then inspected by the Captain.

And so—we have really and truly said good-bye, and have started.

September 1st. At Sea.

A heavy sea.

September 2nd. At Sea.

This morning we thought we really had met a submarine, but it turned out to be a whale!

I have missed everything to-day, including meals for obvious reasons.

September 3rd.

I awoke to a very calm sea, which was really comforting.

At 10.30 Church Parade. Dr. I. read very well. She gets more attractive every day. Tenacious, I should think, with a big brain.

At 4.30 Boat Drill was sprung on us. Boat Drill is a very wearing occupation. Just as you are happily curled up on deck there comes a piercing whistle. You rush to your cabin, you throw on your great-coat, your life-belt and your water-bottle, and then rush back to your particular boat.

Seventy-five other women are all rushing with you, and you emerge from the scrimmage looking, for all the world, like the famous poster for Michelin Tyres. One thing only—I trust they won't take to giving us these shocks at night.

We had a sing-song, and were out until 9.30. An infinitely big grey and silver sea. We have not seen land or sail for two days. At 10 p.m. we were heading East. They say, if the weather holds, we shall be at Archangel by Saturday.

September 4th. At Sea.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

We are feeling very content, for we had a lot of wireless news from England this morning.

It is a busy life that we lead—even now—at all moments when we are not *hors de combat.* This is the order of the day:

Breakfast, 8.30.
Roll Call and Inspection of Cabins, 9.30.
Military Drill, 10.30.
Swedish Drill, 11.
Luncheon, 12.30.

Sewing party. French and Russian Classes in the afternoon.
Tea, 4.
Serbian Class, 4.30.
Dinner, 6.30.
Bed any time.

This beautiful paper is the result of a few kind words to the Purser. It might be cleaner, I allow, and the ship at the top is not the least like us. We are old, grubby, and grey—as I said before, Austrian.

I've only been laid up one day, and we started in beautiful weather.

September 6th.

We saw the Aurora Borealis last night. The Great White Bear and Pole Star lie directly ahead of us.

It sounds a poor description, but the searchlights at Hyde Park Corner give you the best idea of the Northern Lights. These might be huge and monumental ghosts of searchlights dead and gone, vague and wavering, that is if the Searchlight world is old enough to possess ghosts at all.

Most nights the Serbian soldiers sing, their own melancholy and very charming folk-songs.

This morning, just after breakfast, we entered the Arctic Circle.

I think you would laugh if you could see our Swedish Drill. All of us flat on our backs on the deck, waving our unaccustomed grey legs wildly in the air. Or the inebriated way in which we endeavour to form fours on the topsy-turvy deck. But as it is a sign of much health and strength to turn up at these functions most of us get there—pale but determined!

As far as I can make out the great majority of my fellow-workers are professionals—teachers very largely. B., the girl I travelled up with from Euston was at Girton, and as she survived the *Titanic* is, I feel, proof against all lesser disasters.

They are all pleasant.

September 7th.

The weather is as beautiful as ever. We are to touch at —— the day after to-morrow and, unless we are delayed, should reach Archangel on Sunday. Last night, there was quite an amusing dress-up concert. The Arctic Ocean can have rarely beheld a stranger company!

I have been gathering a good deal of

information from the Assistant Matron. Our destination is very vague, as it depends on the movements of the troops. We are not to be under canvas during the winter, and may possibly stay at Odessa, but shan't go into winter quarters for a month or two yet. We are to form two hospitals.

I am learning Serb and sing the National Anthem in my bath.

September 8th. At Sea.

Floods of sunshine, the loveliest day we've had. Am appointed Nursing Orderly to Hospital A. under Dr. I. and am delighted. B. is in the same Hospital as Mess Orderly.

September 9th. At Sea.

Reached —— at 3 a.m. One of our ships came out and told us to proceed straight to Archangel. We handed them over some Mails for the English ships and left without putting in. Morning in the White Sea. A low brown shore not unlike a Scotch moor after the heather is over. A mail-bag was put up for our letters home. A wonderful pleasant sight.

We were given orders to take our rug-straps and haversacks only on the journey. Passed a whale and a lot of seals.

A wonderful evening, with a golden moon in a clear green sky, and a purple shore.

September 10th.

We reached Archangel after breakfast and lay just off the town. There is a curious flat shore, with short scrub, baby pine, and silver birch right down to the water's edge. The leaves are turning here and there. The houses are built of wood, with verandahs on the second and top storeys, and timber work is going on everywhere. The wharfs, too, are built of wood, and sometimes far out into the water on piles.

From the river the town looks just like a picture-book, with its towers of blue and gold, red and gold, and green and gold.

The river itself is full of shipping, and we anchored close to an English patrol yacht, looking beautifully the perfect lady amongst the grubby merchantmen and destroyers. Her Commander came off on a launch and took Dr. I. ashore. The Excise and Custom House officials came

aboard, and we were tugged to a dock opposite the new station about two miles up the river. How we cheered all the English boats, and how they cheered back!

For the rest of the day we were visited by officials of varying magnificence, and our surroundings are absorbing.

Great broad-bottomed barges pass, carrying a rough-looking kind of hay down stream, and sailing boats like Chinese junks. On shore there is a wonderful crowd, Russian and Mongolian, men, women and children, all in high boots, but after that following their own sweet wills in the fashion of their dress. Timber work is progressing in a leisurely fashion, and all by hand. The carts consist of a couple of planks and a log on two wheels, all driven by delightful children in huge fur caps. The soldiers are magnificent.

Dr. I. was back by tea-time. We are not to go to Petrograd, but to be sent straight through to Odessa. The Rumanian troops have had a defeat and the 1st Serbian Division has moved up to their assistance, the wounded are waiting for us, and there is no one else to help. So I am glad—but *dreadfully* disappointed that we shall miss

our letters. Miss H. has telegraphed to have them sent on.

We were allowed on shore from 5.30 to 6.30, and had a good walk. Two Russian sentries with enormous bayonets held an animated conversation with us, and some French sailors gave us news from the Western Front. The crowds here are the most fascinating thing I have ever beheld, and the nights the most beautiful.

We entertained six nice washed Naval Officers to dinner, and had a concert afterwards. Colonel I., a Russian, at one time an opera singer, gave us Tosca and Pagliacci, and from these heights the programme drifted graceefully onward to a grand finale of "Tipperary."

September 11th.

A most unexpected 24 hours.

In the morning I went for a long walk over the docks with C. and B. We saw a fascinating child in a red tunic and high red boots—height complete about 2 foot. The dock is strewn with munitions (so much so that we are not allowed to smoke on deck), guns and Armoured cars. After luncheon a launch came for the whole party

and took us down to Archangel. We bought a vast store of chocolate and cigarettes, and Mrs. X. took us to see the Cathedral and Peter the Great's log hut. The wife of a big timber merchant, an Englishman, invited us all to tea in her garden. We made the most of this last really English meal and a gramophone!

On the way back in the launch the river looked beautiful, smoke coloured with the shipping, and the church towers silhouetted against a flaming heavily clouded sky.

To land we had to cross an open space above the water on two planks. B. and I were first off the boat. The planks were badly adjusted, they slipped off the wharf and tipped us both down a 20-foot drop into the water. I caught hold of a bar and B. of a ring which presented themselves just on the water-level, and after what seemed an eternity we were both hauled out.

Bed followed, with huge potations of brandy, hot-water bottles, a large dinner and the ministrations of two Doctors, a Matron, an Assistant Matron, two trained Nurses and most of the ship's company.

Our clothes are in a pitiable condition, not to mention all the good things we had bought in the town and with which our pockets were full.

It is very, very sad!

September 12th. In the Train.

B. and I are very stiff, but none the worse. We got everything ready for leaving the ship, and took a short walk on the quay. Most of the others went to Archangel in the afternoon, but we were lazy, feeling too old. Roll Call at 6.30, and dinner at 7. We were then told to be ready and wait in the saloon. About 11 we lined up on the wharf. We marched to the train, carrying nearly all our worldly possessions and headed by the crew's patent band playing "Tipperary."

On the platform were two companies of Russian soldiers; they looked magnificent, and cheered as we came up. I found a sleeping-bunk along with F., T. and B., and then for 2½ hours while we waited for an engine the Russians entertained us. It was rather wonderful. Our boat all lit up as a background, the clearest of still, cold nights, and this great mass of shadowy

figures shifting and moving as they sang and danced. Outside a fringe of peasants and Mongolians, just picturesque splashes of light and shadow. The dancing and singing were both a revelation and perfect. Sad songs they sing with a long slow rhythm.

It was such a contrast these big, impassive singing men and our own sailors who from beginning to end carried on a grotesque performance of their own in the background, of which "Tipperary," to an accompaniment of tin kettles, penny whistles, and a mouth-organ, was the most polished number. "Tipperary" I love, but oh—I could have killed that band!

Then everybody made speeches, and then we cheered everybody, and then everybody cheered us. Dr. I. and the Officers were tossed. This is a terrifying proceeding. The victim is thrust into a chair and hurled recklessly into the air up and down, while she clutches everything clutchable, tries to look appreciative and dignified, wonders if her hair will come down and hopes she won't be sea-sick, all at once. Dr. I. weathered the storm valiantly, and we all cheered to the echo.

RUSSIAN AMBULANCE AT MEDJIDIA.

To face page 14.

Finally, between 1.30 and 2 a.m. we steamed slowly off. It was a very heartening welcome.

September 13*th*. In the Train.

A long day in the train and—Russia!

I don't quite know what we expected. Wolves, I suppose, and deep dark pine forests, with a Nihilist thrown in here and there as local colour. What we got was an attractive but unvarying country of birch and pine-wood. The timber is very small, here and there you come across a little wooden station, or a collection of toy wooden houses.

We travel very slowly and live on our own rations, which to-day consisted of:

Breakfast	.. ..	bread and sardines.
Luncheon	.. ..	bread and cheese.
Supper	.. ..	bread and jam.

With our own supplies we did very well, The carriages are comfortable and quite fairly clean. There is no bedding of course, but we make ourselves comfortable at night in our own rugs and feel very superior with a whole train to ourselves. The cars are on trucks at the back and the equipment in waggons.

September 14th. In the Train.

We were woken up at 7 a.m. by an Officer with the news that our couplings had broken in the night and that our carriage was marooned on the line.

Nothing surprises one in this country.

We flung on our clothes, and presently a horrible third-class compartment was sent to fetch us, and we were hitched on again. We spent the day getting bitten. Rations as usual, and I have acquired a filthy cold.

We reached Vologda at 11 p.m. Water is our great difficulty. There is little to drink, and none at all to wash in.

September 15th. In the Train.

We moved into a new sleeper carriage—very nice. Crossed the Volga, and reached Yaroslav about 2. A great big meal at the station—so good! The place was crowded. Jews, for the first time, Circassians and Cossacks. I rather expected everyone to be chanting the boat-song as a matter of course, but—they weren't!

September 16th. In the Train.

We were summoned early and told we should be in Moscow in ten minutes.

Rye bread and jam for breakfast. Rye bread I quite like; it's very sour, and you can't eat much of it, but it's good.

We continued to tour round and round outside Moscow until 3 in the afternoon. By that time everyone was terribly peevish and very hungry. Finally we reached the new station and were drawn up alongside a Hospital train. Most of the station is used as a Hospital, and the little Russian Sisters look delicious in their white "Religieuse" caps. A Russian Red Cross potentate and his very pretty wife took us up to an Hotel and gave us the most wonderful meal. Baths had to be sacrificed, but all the same we started for the Kremlin much refreshed. The trams set us down at the Saviour's Gate.

It's amazing. It's like walking into the Arabian Nights, into a great big fairy tale. A fairy palace over a fairy city and a fairy river.

Inside the little dim Cathedrals there is an unending chant, long-haired priests are officiating, and soldiers, peasants, or Red

Cross Sisters, looking like medieval nuns, wander to and fro. They are all in the picture; the place is never marred by the unromantic pew, and the soft-footed dimness is alive with colour. Ivan the Terrible and his two sons lie side by side in a tiny chapel opposite some wonderful fourteenth-century Ikons. Outside, the evening light is a miracle. The city below seems all gold crosses and painted domes, the red brick outer walls of the Citadel are glowing. It is beautiful this centre of Holy Russia—and mysterious—and—well, try travelling in a crowd for a week or two on ugly boats and trains, in ugly clothes, with a familiar and prosaic world behind you and, perhaps rather a terrible one to come, and then imagine what it feels like to be dropped suddenly for a short, short time into this strange Eastern City.

We Westerners seem, as it were, to have taken to ourselves all the credit of Christianity. We have torn it away from this East, and have said, "It is ours." In England particularly, with our talent for common-sense, we have robbed it of so much that is beautiful. As if we could get on without it! And why should religion

not appeal to the imagination? Here, no doubt, it walks hand-in-hand with ignorance, but what hope is there in the future if we cannot look forward to a union between imagination and scientific knowledge?

The tomb of Ivan the Terrible, the Church of Ivan the Great, and the guns left by Napoleon tumbled us down the centuries to four great pieces of Austrian armament taken at Premysl just before the Retreat.

We got back to the station in the dark, and in leisurely fashion we wandered over the line looking for our train. We discovered it eventually, and still more eventually started.

September 17th. In the Train.

Up early, a lovely morning, and I got quite a good wash. We had luncheon at a wayside station about 2. A lot of troop trains on the line and Hospital trains full of wounded prisoners, Bulgars, Germans, and Austrians. At one stop we saw some Turks from Erzerum—poor devils. The peasants in their Sunday best came *en masse* to have a look at us. When we left they trotted cheering after the train. The rail-

way seems to be the high road and resort of all who wish to see life in these parts.

Since Moscow the country is far more interesting and open. Women are working in the fields, on the railway, everywhere.

September 18*th*. In the Train.

Nothing very eventful to record. We had an excellent meal, and went shopping in a wayside village. The country very wide and open, and the timber bigger; maples turning the most gorgeous colours.

September 19*th*. In the Train.

We stopped at a most fascinating little wooden village for luncheon, though the filth was indescribable. It consisted of just one street, which was packed with open booths, peasants, beggars, and Jews. These last are far the best-looking members of the community—great sad-looking men in gaberdines, as different as possible from the horrid type of little town Jew. The glimpses one gets into the conditions of the peasant's life are appalling.

We are even now afflicted with a horrible plague of flies.

Dr. I. had tea with the four of us. The

other three all talked of their jobs before the War. I have always felt that the merely social existence must put one at a big disadvantage in the real world, but to-night I had to own up for the first time to the workers themselves. One does feel ashamed. But there is one comfort. It isn't that we others can't, it is that we haven't. We are beginning now, for which thank Heaven. We've got a long way to make up. In a life like this there are no frills, and we meet the workers on a level. We've got to do the job, and do it well—it's a great chance.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

It's very hot. Tea-parties are our great dissipation, and the food we alternately press on others and have pressed upon us is fearful and wonderful indeed. I am even having supper to-night with the ultra-exclusive Transport!

September 20th. Tscherkassi.

The route via Kiev is too blocked, so we have come this way and should arrive at Odessa Friday morning. To-day we were let out—let out for a whole two hours—

and we took a long walk across the steppe and into the town. We drove back to the station with much speed and considerable peril in a droschki. The driver's one object was, apparently, to avoid roads and drive as straight across country as circumstances would permit.

Oh for a bath!

September 21*st*. In the Train.

We were woken up with the tidings that we ought to be in Odessa by 7 o'clock to-night. I wonder if I shall sleep in a bed?

About 8 a.m. we crossed the Dnieper, and climbed up on to a magnificent open country—rather like the Downs, on an immense scale, burnt brown — the real Steppe.

We steamed into the station at Odessa about 7.30. On the platform were lined up the Serbian Staff and many glittering Russians. After a great interchange of "politesse" we in our turn were lined up and marched out. A humorous proceeding this, performed with complete gravity. At the door was a fleet of private droschkis. M., B. and I climbed into the foremost, and were whirled off by a grey arab in black

and silver harness. We raced the nearest party through the streets and won. It was wonderfully thrilling and wonderfully perilous. I didn't know horses could move like that.

We are the guests of the town, and they have housed us at a big Sanatorium. Little one storey wooden houses in a nice garden and four or five of us lodged in each with—*real beds.* B., F., T., and I are again sharing a room, we are re-united to our kit-bags, and I have had a letter.

September 22nd. Odessa.

We suffered sad disillusion last night. Hardly had we done raving ecstatically about sheets and beds than a sinister thought struck each of us. We were too exhausted to move, but in the morning it was true—yes, the real beds had very real bugs in them as well! Bugs in such quantities indeed that it was quite useless to worry, and after ten days in the train even a buggy straw mattress is a preferable alternative to the floor.

This morning we retired across the road, where we were scrubbed in companies of five by extremely energetic old ladies.

This is apparently the Russian custom. I don't mind washing in public when comparatively clean, but it requires a lot of courage when you are pale grey all over.

A Serbian soldier cleans our boots and a beautiful peasant girl—more Greek than any new thing I have ever seen—looks after us. She has bare feet and bare arms and a beautiful strong figure. Invariably she appears in a coarse terra-cotta coloured frock, with a white handkerchief tied round her head, and possesses a lovely face and neck—a delicious person. Of course she *and* the Serb burst in at all moments, so dressing is never uneventful.

They give us meals in a big open-air dining-room, and the place is run by a colossal lady of Hebrew ancestry.

We spent rather an uninteresting and an extremely exhausting morning in the town. It is more Oriental than Russian, the buildings are mostly modern, and there are Jews everywhere. To-morrow we are going to "La Dame de Pique" at the Opera.

Had my hair shampooed, and feel much more self-respecting.

September 23rd. Odessa.

We four got the whole day off. It was good to be out of the crowd for a bit and the kindness of everyone, including the English colony, is indescribable. At luncheon to-day an old Russian lady came across the Restaurant and put a great bunch of roses on our table, and a Russian Officer miraculously produced some fairly recent *Graphics*. The whole town probably thinks us mad, but no matter. The papers have been heralding our arrival for some time past, and, like our own mythical Russians of 1914, the Unit was seen in Odessa while it was yet tossing in the Arctic Ocean.

We ate far too much at the Petrograd Hotel, and enjoyed the Opera thoroughly.

The programme of our days here is a curious one for a Field Hospital!

September 24th. Odessa.

Two letters after church—heavenly!

There is to be a gala performance at the Opera House to-night in honour of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, an aunt of the Emperor, and the Mayor has invited the whole party.

Later.

We departed in trams for the Opera House and found a row of beautiful boxes allotted to us. When the Grand Duchess arrived, they played the Russian National Anthem quite superbly. During the performance she sent a message to Dr. I., saying that she wished to inspect us, so out we had to bundle and try and look military in the foyer. When we got back the whole audience rose and stood facing our boxes while they played our National Anthem three times and cheered.

To bed about 1 completely exhausted.

September 25th. Odessa.

Dr. I. gave out at Roll Call that we were to leave for the Front at 6.30 this evening. It is a wonderful feeling!

The British Red Cross Unit arrives to-morrow. They are to be attached to a Serbian Division, we to another.

We got back to our old places in our old train, and the whole of the English Colony were at the station to see us off and loaded us with fruit and cigarettes.

Our destination vague.

September 26th. In the Train.

Train, and a very leisurely train. We sauntered and stopped and stopped and sauntered through Bessarabia (which is a nice name). We were let out from 4.30 to 6. A beautiful evening. The sun setting turned the dust to a flaming yellow cloud, and we found a fine church with some rather delicious singing and many paintable beggars.

It is very trying not being allowed to eat melons, I find. We aren't, because of cholera, but they are sold everywhere like potatoes, and oh! they look so good and cool, and have got lovely apricot-yellow insides.

Matron tells us we are to be in the very centre of things with Mackensen against us, and shall arrive only just in time for the push.

September 28th. In the Train.

"I only know that God exists, that Love is more powerful than man, that Death can fall before us if we believe it will, that the soul of man is Power and Love. . . . I believe in God."

From "The Dark Forest." I have been reading it all day and finished it this evening. A fine book.

September 29th. In the Train.

We arrived at Reni at 6.30 a.m., and woke to behold a pleasant stretch of river, and beyond a hazy line of hills that reminded me of Lowland Scotland. The whole morning we hung about waiting to unload, and had a very early breakfast. About 1 we took our packs down to a little passenger steamer, and about 2 began to faint with an immense internal vacuum, when we were spirited off to the Russian flagship for luncheon. We arrived to the strains of our National Anthem, thundered on a somewhat weary piano—but the sentiment's the thing! After an excellent meal, some of us were hurried off to see to the unloading of the equipment. I cheeked carts until 7.30 p.m. A deadly job, but the surroundings were amusing. A long quay, prisoners, Russians, Serbs, Rumanians, soldiers and sailors mounted and on foot. Isvostchiks (technically coachman, but used as meaning the cab of the country), country carts, Caucasians, Jews, Greeks, and Red Cross Sisters.

The Transport, with their cars, are on a barge.

To-day came our first reminder of the War,

the nearness of which I think we had really begun to doubt, so long has our journey been. One of the Unit was hanging over the side of the boat thinking of the Danube, and the crowd, and the heat and the dust, and feeling rather weary of this disciplined globe-trotting. She was tired enough, I suppose, for things to seem a trifle purposeless—was there really going to be work to do, or were we everlastingly to chase bales and packing cases, to sightsee, to form fours and play at soldiers, in short was there really a War anywhere but on our own Western Front which was so hideously far away?

The answer came slowly, floating down the river. At first just a shapeless shadow or two which hardly attracted her attention, indeed they had almost passed before she realized that these shadows had a significance. The river was sweeping them away in a great indifference, these dead men in the blue-grey uniform of the Austrian Army.

We dined also on the Flagship. Our quarters on our own boat looked altogether too grubby, so several of us slept on deck, T., B. and I in a close fat bunch for the sake of warmth. It was hard and chilly,

but worth it. We left about 10.30 p.m. There is an outbreak of cholera in Galatz.

September 30th. In the Train.

We woke to sunrise, tea and biscuits, and arrived at Tchernavoda about 2, and beheld the great bridge over the Danube which carries the railway line from Constanzia on to Bucharest.

We began to unload at once, and to our astonishment found an Irishman serving in the Russian Army in charge. There are two Russian Infantry Divisions here and one Cavalry. This section of the Front is under the supreme command of a Russian General. The Russians and Serbians have borne the brunt of the fighting, and have done very well.

About 6 p.m. forty Russian soldiers turned up, and the equipment was all got off by 9. I was checking in the hold most of the time. We were bustled into a train, and left about 10, reaching Medjidia just before 11. We dozed upright in the train for the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II

OCTOBER

October 1*st*. Medjidia.

Woke early, and, after a scanty face and hand lick, went out for some air. Aeroplanes (our own) were circling round, the station is used as a kind of clearing Hospital, and every train is either Red Cross or Munitions. Otherwise a hot, dusty, uninteresting sort of place. The Headquarters of the Russo-Serbian Troops. We went to breakfast at the Officers' Mess at 8.30. You couldn't see the food for the flies, but we were too hungry to mind. The Commander-in-Chief came in and made us a polite speech.

Both Units are to stay here for the moment, but later Hospital B. is to move to another point 12 miles away. We are 10 miles from the firing-line, and we could hear the guns most of the morning. In the afternoon we went up to our Hospital, or

what is to be our Hospital, and scrubbed until a party of gorgeous-looking brigands arrived who proved to be whitewashers. They have given us part of the barracks, a very good building on a hill right above the town. Next door there is a Russian Red Cross Hospital, and behind more barracks full of soldiers, dogs, puppies, pigs, cattle, and other oddments.

Went back to the train. Half the stuff is unpacked and taken up to the Hospital in carts. They say there is to be heavy fighting to-night, and we are to be ready to-morrow night. We all slept in the train. I found a spare bit of floor space where anyway I could stretch. Half dead.

October 2nd. Medjidia.

Sheets of rain, and the dust is all turned to mud. And *such* mud! Off early to a breakfast of black bread and Tchi (tea) at the Red Cross canteen, and worked at the Hospital all the morning scrubbing. We are trying to fit up boilers, but so far every drop of water has to be carried from the soldiers' pump in pails. The place filthily dirty, and the sanitary (?) arrangements unspeakable.

OUR COOKS AT MEDJIDIA.

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The Transport arrived tired but triumphant after an awful drive from Tchernavoda, and Mrs. M. (our cook) gave us a scrumptious tea. Worked till 8.30, and then slept chillsomely on our new camp-beds in the first-floor Ward, 75 people in one room!

Rumour says the Russians were successful in their attack last night.

October 3rd. Medjidia.

When you have time to look, or when the rain allows of your seeing anything, this place is distinctly attractive. It's fun being so high up, even though the first Bosche shell that comes this way must surely bump into the Hospital. The Constanza-Tchernavoda railway runs along the valley below, and the ground sweeps up and away on the other side bare and big and brown.

The road to the Front (you wouldn't call it a road in England, but it is one really) runs past the Hospital, and vanishes over the rising ground into that world of distant rumbling which is at once so suggestive and so unknown. Only some 200 yards away the old earthwork that was once

Trajan's Wall lies across the Steppe from horizon to horizon.

We worked all day at the Hospital, and by the evening the ground-floor Ward for 100 patients looked really lovely. There are no beds of course, just straw mattresses laid along the floor, and empty packing cases for all furniture. But draped in a sheet even a packing case has possibilities.

By the entrance door we have rigged up a boiler and a wash-house for the lightly wounded; opposite is the Secretary's room, where records of each case admitted will be kept; next door lives the Disinfector, and this room is divided into two parts for the clean and dirty uniforms respectively. Then comes the Ward, and on the further side the Dressing-room, Store-room, Sterilizing-room, and a wee Theatre. It is the custom here to dress the wounds out of the Wards as much as possible.

The Serbian General arrived late, and was amazed and enchanted. The Rumanians have fallen back, but the Russo-Serbians are moving up. We may expect men at any moment.

Sheepskins were issued to us. Just

rough skins with which to line our coats. We owe this attention to the insistence of the Grand Duchess at Odessa.

October 4th—9th. Medjidia.

We have been working like blacks, alternately too busy and too weary to write. Men came in on Wednesday. We were at it without a break from 7.30 that morning until 1.30 on Thursday morning, then on again from 7.30 until 8.30 that night. At the end of it a mail saved our lives.

Between filth and wounds the men's condition is indescribable. They are coming back in thousands; our Transport have been working absolutely heroically; and bringing the wounded in is no joke, especially at night in a strange country and over these roads.

It has been the biggest rush of wounded they have yet had. By shoving the mattresses close to each other, and putting others in every available corner, we made room for every man we could, and still the cry of the Authorities was for more—more—more. In the Russian Red Cross Hospital next door two and three men were shoved on a single mattress just as they

came in, the dead and the living sometimes lying side by side for hours. Even in our own Wards, where British prejudice dies hard, and where every patient was in the end undressed and washed, the crawling uniforms, the dirt, the smell, the groaning men, or those still more terrible, lying in an inert silence, and last but not least the heat and the flies, made of the world a sufficiently ghastly chaos.

I don't know if the others have ever tried to imagine what coming face to face with Death would be like; I have often wondered how they took the initiation, and whether they had associated it almost inseparably, as I had, with the order and discipline of an English Hospital. Something inextricably mixed up with privacy, relations, flowers, and fat black horses.

As a matter of fact, there was so much to do when the men first came in that I never gave all this a thought. One of the Transport said something about a man who had died in her ambulance. I knew that several men had died on admittance, but in the Wards life was the business of the moment. And then quite suddenly one of the Doctors glanced over her shoulder

at the man on the mattress behind her and said: "He's going, Sister." There was a quick rush and, I suppose another British prejudice, a sort of lull before they pulled the sheet over his face.

Close to me a man asked if the patient were dead. I nodded, and he turned and looked at the covered mattress with gentle, child-like interest. I wondered how, in this world in which he walks so familiarly, Death had still the power to make men stop and look.

Anyway, thinking was hardly possible that night, and for some time after, and by then the experience, if in no sense lighter, was at least an accepted part of the day's routine.

We have one Serbian Orderly—Chris—who speaks English, and "Chris, Chris, Chris! where in the world is that man? Fitz-Roy, go and find that man," echoes through the Ward all day. And FitzRoy does go, and she finds Chris, tall and gaunt and harassed, but intensely important initiating some sufferer into the mysteries of (forgive me) a British bedpan. And from this occupation he is removed forcibly amidst piteous appeals of: "Seester, but Seester,"

to tell another he must lose an arm or a leg, or that a diet of black bread and sugar is not healthy if you have a bullet in your tummy, or that really the Sister knows best even if she is English and mad, or that his manners are past praying for. I don't envy Chris his job, but he is very worthy. He can also walk, which is saying a lot, for our Russian Orderlies can only stroll.

A shout for "Ivan" for instance, will (sometimes) produce an unclean looking individual, who beams at you down the Ward with an encouraging: "Sechas, Sestritza (at once, Sister), and is hurt and amazed indeed at the cries of "Scurri-scurri" (I spell it phonetically and it means "be quick"), that pursue him day and night. They are dears, and great fun when you are *not* busy.

But in the end one does long to be able to talk oneself. All the more in a rush like this, when a dying man must be left to die for the sake of the living. What wouldn't one give to be able to help them, and to understand when they say little piteous things to one and look so sad and lonely at one's miserable: "Ne Panemayu" (I don't understand).

Thank Heaven we are beginning to see daylight at last; in the Wards there is something approaching order, and the men who are well enough look happy and friendly.

We got a mail on the 5th. It was our last night in the top Wards before we moved into tents, and was too blessed. And camp next night was wonderful. The tents are pitched on the open ground about 200 yards away from the Hospital, two in each, and single ones for the Officers. Below the Mess Tent and Kitchen Tent and two Bath Tents. The nights are chilly, but very fine and clear; you are away from the sights and sounds and smells of Hospital, and there never was such a moon or such stars in all the world before. Sometimes shadowy troops singing shadowy songs move up to the Front all night; sometimes they come and camp quite close, pitching tiny canvas tents and lighting fires; always there is a flaming sunrise, and in the early morning the steppe looks soft and big and the town below is hidden in blue mist from the marshes.

We sound like staying here some considerable time, and they talk of getting our

winter quarters ready in the barracks opposite. B. and I share a tent.

Hospital B., with a reduced staff, moves on to-morrow as a mobile field Hospital. I am really glad to be in A. The others won't probably see any more of the fighting than we shall, and from the medical point of view our work will be the more interesting. Our dormitory is to be got ready for 75 new patients.

The nursing conditions are something of a revelation, but what we haven't got we invent, and what we can't invent we do without.

October 10*th*. Medjidia.

Hospital B. and all the Transport but two moved on. There were streams of reinforcements and stuff going past us up to the Front all day, and an enemy aeroplane attacked the station. This was our first air-raid, and we were too busy even to look, though I did bolt out for a second when I was supposed to be occupying myself with something quite different. We all jumped when the first bomb went off, and then tried to look as if we hadn't! As far as we can make out we have three

aeroplanes of our own here, very venerable and very slow.

There are not any trains available, so we cannot evacuate our men for a day or two. All except the desperately wounded are sent on at once when possible.

October 11*th.* Medjidia.

We hear there is to be a big battle in five days. Wards very hot, and the flies awful.

October 12*th.* Medjidia.

A very heavy day. C. came over from Hospital B. They have no work as yet.

October 13*th.* Medjidia.

Feeling rotten, off duty at 6. We've all had this sort of collapse, and put it down to the dust and the flies. It is impossible to keep either off the food.

October 14*th.* Medjidia.

I was sent to bed. A piping hot day, and we were bombarded by aeroplanes. Altogether there came twelve machines, and at times the bombardment was heavy. Two soldiers were killed in the courtyard of the Hospital, but there is said to be no

serious material damage. One of our own Orderlies was wounded, and several civilians were brought in.

The Russians tried anti-aircraft guns, heavy guns, and machine-guns; it was all very noisy, but the aeroplanes sailed away unhurt.

October 15th. Medjidia.

Was not allowed on duty; better, but wobbly. We had one air-raid, but they lit fires all round the town so that the smoke should obscure the view.

A slack day in Hospital. Our time-table:

Réveillé (a tin tray beaten by a Night Sister)	6.
Breakfast	7.
Roll Call and Inspection of tents	7.30
On duty	7.45
First luncheon	11.30
Second luncheon	12.30
Tea	3.15-4
Supper	8.
Off duty ..	3.30 to 6.30 or 12.30 to 3.30 or as much of 3 hours as possible.

The inhabitants amused themselves by burying a cholera patient in lime just below our camp this morning. Thoughtful—very!

October 16*th*. Medjidia.

Back on duty. The Transport have brought about thirty strange tin beds from Constanza. We erected these for the worst cases, and they make a great difference—to our backs at least. They must also add to the entertainment of the "worst cases," for they have a nice little habit of collapsing at odd moments. Also they are covered with garlands of flowers and pictures of lovely ladies.

We evacuated a good number of patients, so the Wards were much lighter.

October 17*th*. Medjidia.

Collapse of the Staff. Only one Sister on duty in my Ward.

My birthday. We had a wonderful mail, and I received a present of chocolates when I woke up, and a further present of cigarettes and cakes was sent over from Hospital B. Mrs. M. made me a wonderful scone, and three of us picnicked happily on Trajan's Wall, watched the aeroplanes, and tried to ignore the unavoidable proximity of a decomposing horse. It was a very nice birthday indeed.

October 18*th*. Medjidia.

We had an awful night, as the wind arose, and twice B. and I had to sally forth in our pyjamas to hammer in tent pegs and rescue the kitchen stove. The three Bath Tents were blown flat, and most of the Mess and Kitchen Tents blown away.

October 19*th*. Medjidia.

A bad aeroplane raid at Hospital B., and they were bringing in wounded civilians to us all day. Ghastly. The flash of the guns at night is very clear now, and the sound continuous. Our 1st Serbian division has done splendidly, but has been so cut up it has been withdrawn, and for the winter we shall be nursing Russians. Some of the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard camped here for the day, and troops streamed up to the Line without a pause.

We have erected a "Sick" tent for the Staff. Hospital B. and the Transport sent over their invalids.

October 20*th*. Medjidia.

An aeroplane bombarded us in the morning, and the guns are very clear.

As I went on duty after tea there came a message from the Serbian Headquarters ordering us to evacuate all our men at once and to follow ourselves in twenty-four hours. The news came as rather a shock, and we got the men off sadly enough. Later we were visited by the Russian Commander-in-Chief, who told us it was true the Army had fallen back, but that we and the Russian Red Cross Hospital were all he had to depend on and the wounded pouring in. So of course Dr. I. said we'd stay only too thankfully. Our superfluous equipment is to be sent to Constanza by train, and we are to work as a field Dressing Station and evacuate (if it becomes necessary) with the Army. There is a rumour that the line to Tchernavoda is cut. The bridge has been hit by a bomb, but not irreparably damaged.

A tiny mail wandered in in the evening.

October 21*st*. Medjidia.

The Russian Hospital left. We spent a long day packing and getting the stores off. They are to go to Galatz, as Constanza is not now considered sufficiently safe. We struck camp, and all the men were

evacuated, though a good many new cases passed through to be dressed on their way back from the Front. These were mostly walking cases, as the more serious are now sent farther back. But it was interesting work dressing these weary men who had toiled in on their own for the most part.

I went twice down to the station with the baggage in the evening, a perilous journey in rickety carts, through pitch darkness over roads (?), crammed with troops and refugees, which were lit up periodically by the most amazing green lightning I have ever seen, and the roar and flash of the guns was incessant. At the station no lights were allowed because of enemy aircraft, but the place was illuminated here and there by the camp fires of a new Siberian Division which had just arrived. Picked troops these and magnificent men.

We wrestled with the baggage until 2 a.m., and went back to the Hospital in one of our own cars. One Orderly came in almost in tears. Her cart had twice turned over completely on its way to the station, so on arrival she had hastened to Dr. I. with a tale of woe and a scratched face.

Dr. I. said: "That's right, dear child, that's right, *stick* to the equipment." Which may very well be described as the motto of the Unit these days!

I dropped on to a mattress in the Ward just as I was, as we may have to leave ourselves at 5. Six of the Unit are to accompany the equipment to Galatz, but mercifully I am not one of them.

October 22nd. Medjidia—Saragea.

We were woken at 4.30, and breakfasted on a small bit of bread and butter and Tchi. There were no orders from Headquarters and the guns were incessant and sounded nearer. We spent a lazy morning, and about luncheon time got orders to evacuate at once. The majority are to go to Galatz by train with Dr. C., the rest (self included) are to go by road with Dr. I. and work with the Army as a clearing station.

The train party got off as quick as possible, and about 4 a big lorry came for our equipment. We loaded it, seven of us mounted on the top, and the rest went in two of our own cars. The scene was really intensely comic. Seven Scottish women balanced

precariously on the pile of luggage, a Serbian Doctor, with whom Dr. I. is to travel, standing alongside in an hysterical condition, imploring us to hurry, telling us the Bulgarians were as good as in the town already, Dr. I. quite unmoved demanding the whereabouts of the Ludgate Boiler, somebody arriving at the last minute with a huge open barrel of treacle, which, of course, could not possibly be left to a German—oh dear, how we laughed!

At last we started with orders to make for Carlo Murat. In the town our driver took us out of our way to pick up an Officer, and in so doing we missed the others, who thought we were on ahead. The road to Carlo Murat proved to be only mud and quite impossible for a heavy lorry after the rain, so we had to give up the idea of getting there and decided to push on to the Military Headquarters at Saragea.

We heard later that Medjidia fell the afternoon after we left.

The whole country is in retreat, and we had an extraordinarily interesting drive. Behind we could see the shells exploding, and the sky was alight with the glow of burning villages. On our right a bigger

DR. INGLIS AT SARAGEA.

ROUMANIAN SOLDIERS AND TRANSPORT ON RETREAT.

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glow showed the fate of Constanza, which fell to-day. The road was indescribably dilapidated, and crammed with refugees, troops, and transport. The retreating troops seem mostly Rumanian; I gather the Russians are protecting our rear.

The peasants are a picturesque lot, not of course purely Rumanian, as the Dobrudja was so lately a Turkish province. Ponies and oxen are harnessed into their little springless carts, all their household goods are packed inside, and they are followed by terrified flocks of sheep, pigs, and cattle. The peasants trudge along, going—one wonders where?

It was showery at first, but turned to a beautiful night though very dark. Our progress was slow, as the lamp refused to burn, but we cheered the way with frugal rations of biscuits, jam, and cheese. Though lost we have at least had the intelligence to get lost with the food! We reached Saragea about 10.30, almost too tired to speak, our lorry deposited us in the mud by the roadside, bade us a tender farewell and—left. But the General of Division was very kind, invited us into Headquarters and refreshed us with black bread and Tchi.

We ate amidst a chaos of maps, Generals, messengers, and field telephones. The men looked anxious to breaking-point, but their kindness to seven lone females is unforgettable. Our kit they stuck under a form of shelter in charge of a sentry, and we groped our way through deep, deep mud to a house where we were given two rooms. Mud floors, hard but clean.

October 23rd. Hirsovar.

We scraped the surface dirt off our hands in filthy water, and then set out in search of news and breakfast. The endless procession of troops and refugees never ceased to tramp past all night, and there was no news of the Unit. Meanwhile the General had sent to Hirsovar, on the Danube (I think a distance of about 60 kilometres), for two lorries to fetch us and our stuff. A very nice Russian boy gave us boiling water and half a loaf in exchange for treacle and cigarettes; P., I rather fear, looted four eggs, which we hard boiled, and so breakfasted handsomely. The rest of the morning we spent dealing out treacle. The soldiers very soon discovered it, and fell out as they marched past, bringing everything,

down to their water-bottles, in which to carry it away. About 11 Dr. I. and three of our Transport cars drove up. Having invented every awful fate for us, her relief was immense when she found us sitting by the roadside drinking Bovril. Orders to evacuate at once came to the village, and the Staff moved off.

It was a pretty heart-breaking sight to watch the people stripping their little houses and packing what they could into some tiny cart. The women sobbing, and the men dogged and inert. Here and there on the road, of course, there were moments of panic in which they lost all self-control. Men, at the cry that the Bulgars were coming, dragged women and children out of carts so as to make good their own escape, and would even in their terror fling their own babies down on the roadside when these hampered them. I wish that certain people living securely in a certain island could see a country in retreat—not an Army only, but a whole country, women and children and beasts—it's not a pretty sight, but it's a very fine lesson.

The Transport were sent off at once, but

Dr. I. insisted on staying with us until the arrival of the lorries. Our orders are to reach Galatz via Hirsovar and the Danube, and there report to the Consul. Dr. I. proceeds with the Serbian Hospital. We waited several hours until the stream of troops had got considerably thinner, and only isolated soldiers straggled by with varying reports as to the nearness of the enemy. One rumour said their cavalry was only three miles away—and this to my mind is quite sufficiently near. The 8th Army has arrived to strengthen our Left flank, our Right at Tchernavoda is safe for the present.

At last Captain B. passed by in a car, and got out to speak to us. He managed to commandeer a passing lorry, and by 4 o'clock we had packed in ourselves and the equipment, and bidden farewell to Dr. I., who was proceeding in one of our own cars by a rather different route.

We found ourselves at the mercy of an insane driver, who dashed along regardless of anybody, wrecked one refugees' cart, terrified the horses all along the road, and stopped for nothing and nobody. As

Captain B. had had to knock him down twice before the poor little man would consent to take us at all he no doubt thought here was a great chance of getting his own back. At last at dusk he charged a cart, made a belated attempt to avoid it, and drove clean over the edge of the road. Luckily for us the embankment happened to be low at that point. We climbed down and after much heaving and struggling some soldiers got the car on the road again. A little later we came to the edge of the high ground and in the distance far below us saw the river glistening. It was pitch dark, and our only lamp refused to work, though this in no wise affected our headlong career. The next thing we nearly slaughtered was a Rumanian Officer in an Isvostchik. After that in the interest of the public safety I sat aloft with my electric torch, and we hurtled on by its none too brilliant light. Our driver tipped us off the road once more, but finally landed us at Headquarters at Hirsovar, shattered but alive. Here again the Russians were very kind. First they took us to supper at a Red Cross canteen, and then two Officers turned out of their rooms in

our favour. We got hold of a puddle of hot water, and fell to the floor in contented heaps.

October 24th. Hirsovar—Galatz.

The General called us at 4.30 a.m. in person, to enable us to catch a boat for Galatz. In the end we had a long wait, and the opportunity of watching a delicious sunrise over the Danube. A party of Rumanian Officers, still very "well dressed," refreshed us with Tchi.

As we sat at our little iron tables outside the restaurant, with our lovely glasses of deep amber Tchi, and heaps and heaps of sugar, down the road came the weary, muddy figure of a soldier. With a cry of "David," we all simultaneously leapt to our feet. It was our laundry Orderly from Medjidia. The poor old fellow had lost the others, had walked all the way, and had quite, quite given up hope of ever seeing us again. He was too touchingly happy for words at finding us.

After considerable difficulty we all got put on a barge with our equipment in immediate succession to a regiment of cavalry. The condition of the deck was

awful. They crowded on a whole army of wounded, Rumanian and Serb, the worst cases on wooden shelves below deck with not a soul to look after them, and the rest strewn about on the filthy upper deck with soaking bandages and not even a bench to sit on. We did what we could, but it was not much, and found a fairly clean spot where we camped, and where S. improvised the most wonderful meals. Mercifully it did not rain, and the afternoon was clear and beautiful. We left about 10 a.m. and they landed us on a Russian Hospital Ship at Galatz about 9 this evening.

The little Sisters looked far too beautiful to be really hard worked, but for the moment to look beautiful seemed the more essential, and the Officers who all spoke French were charming. While the sailors landed that something equipment they took us in, gave us water to wash in and a delicious meal. They were optimistic as to eventual success, but spoke very bitterly of the slaughter and suffering the retreat had entailed. But, of course, one must not forget that the Rumanians had a very stiff time of it for any army, let

alone an untried one, and no artillery to speak of.

Ambulances from the British Red Cross Hospital here were sent to fetch us, and we went off to the Hospital, where we found Dr. C. and all the train party, including B., who had saved the equipment and generally covered herself with glory. We spent the night all together in a tent on the hard, damp ground—a most bitter disappointment!

October 25th. Galatz.

Galatz is big and middling dull—but boasts a very fine cake shop, where we lived most of the day—when we weren't washing—enjoying a very unwarlike diet. Four of us got leave to sleep out, and took rooms in an Hotel. We had one heavenly night of sheets, with coffee and rolls for *déjeuner* in the morning.

A rumour is abroad to the effect that Tchernavoda has fallen, but that the bridge has been destroyed.

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October 26th. Galatz.

J. and I went up to the British Red Cross Hospital to see if we could do anything

to help, and were repulsed, along with all the Sisters! Mrs. H. arrived. The Transport, except for the five reported to be with Dr. I., are all safe at Braila, and Miss H. with three others turned up here later. Rumour says that Hospital B. is safe with the Serbian Hospital, and that Dr. I. is still at Hirsovar, working at a dressing-station at the request of the Rumanians. The town has been evacuted.

I went into the Wards after tea—work very heavy.

A charming black terrier, with a white shirt front, has adopted us.

October 27th. Galatz.

Worked in the Wards most of the day—heaps to do and rather terrible. The patients are all Rumanian.

There is great talk of a general evacuation from here.

October 28th. Braila.

Dr. I. turned up directly after breakfast. She is safely at Braila with the rest, and reports Hospital B. to be at Reni. I was in the Wards at 8.30, and about 10.30 J. came to fetch me, and we went down to

the quay to rescue some stores the British Red Cross are lending us. The greater part of their equipment is being sent back to Odessa.

Nearly all our nursing staff are to go forward to Braila. I hurled a few things into a rug, and just caught the boat. Braila is about an hour's journey up the river, and Dr. C. is in charge, as Dr. I. has gone to Reni for a day or two to see Hospital B. I had tea, and saw C., who is working hard in a Rumanian Hospital, as is every member of the Transport who has had any nursing experience. Six of us went off after supper and worked until 2 a.m. at a dressing-station. Some lovely ladies were hovering around when we arrived. I'm afraid we turned them out. It was good for the work, even if it was bad for the entente! Wounded were lying about on the floors of five or six rooms in their uniforms without so much as a mattress. They could mostly move a little by themselves, and everyone to whom it was possible proceeded to crawl, hop, or wriggle into the dressing-room. We carried in one or two who were helpless, but only the cases that really needed attention. The rest just

slept, and slept, and slept, as if they could never be deep enough asleep.

We are told they have 11,000 wounded here, and only 7 Doctors.

Got back to the Consulate about done. We had no baggage, so we lay down on the floor as we were. Very good news from Verdun.

October 29th. Braila.

Most of the Transport went off early to Galatz. C. remains to drive Dr. I. I went to the Rumanian Hospital with her, but found a lull in the rush, so went back to the Consulate and got a sleep in someone else's bed. After supper, J. and I went to a Rumanian Hospital on our own, and put in some work under a very nice Rumanian Doctor. Dr. I. returned, and we moved into our new quarters. We have been given quite an attractive little house by the authorities, though it possesses real drains, which is a trifle bewildering! All the rooms open on to a passage, which in its turn gives on to a courtyard, round two sides of which the house is built. Lovely beds, and for the first time for weeks we slept like tops.

October 30th. Braila.

M., J., and I went back to the Hospital, where we find our talents are highly appreciated! It is really nothing but a huge dressing-station, and some of the male students that work there are devils and torture the men quite unnecessarily. After supper we had our second cholera inoculation. I spent a horrid nightmary night. Crowds and crowds of wounded were pouring in, and I could neither move nor help. That particular dream is becoming a habit, and I don't like it.

October 31st. Braila.

Felt extremely ill all day! Our Hospital opened; it includes one floor in a Rumanian Hospital, with dressing-room and Theatre, besides another big dressing-station a little way off.

The Rumanian Army is said to have been sent to the Carpathians, but of this there is no official confirmation.

I haven't changed my clothes since we fled—disgusting!

CHAPTER III

NOVEMBER

November 1*st*. Braila.

In the Wards and lots doing. In mine there are over 60 patients (Rumanians), and all the windows are tight shut! They are unattractive, complaining creatures, with very little self-control, but one is profoundly sorry for them. A few have fine physique, of a Latin type, but I am told and can well believe that phthisis is a terrible scourge in the country. In peace time they live amongst miserable surroundings, and are ground down by the Jews.

The town is quite amusing, and there is a perfectly excellent café—the Français—run by an old Italian, who used to be at a big hotel in Paris, and apparently a close friend of King Edward. He loves C. quite devotedly; we go there together, and he cooks us a wonderful little supper all to ourselves. There is also a picture palace,

to which I have not yet been, an amusing peasants' market, and a Persian shop with beautiful rugs and carpets. I have already begun to desire riches once more!

November 2nd. Braila.

Colder, and a rumour that our kit bags will arrive to-morrow.

November 3rd. Braila.

A small mail. Work is getting slack, and the atmosphere in the Wards is something excruciating. We carry on an open-air campaign under hideous difficulties.

To-day six of us moved down to the Consulate to relieve the crowd at the cottage. C. and I share a bed, and are very happy. The Consul has fallen ill elsewhere, so the other four are luxuriously spread over the drawing-room.

Our kit bags arrived—oh, such good, clean, clean clothes.

November 8th. Braila.

Work as usual and quite busy. I begin to like my patients a little better! Went to the Theatre in the evening to help with a perfectly filthy leg amputation.

SISTERS IN TYPHUS KIT.

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November 9th. Braila.

I dined with C. at the Français to-night, and after dinner we slipped down to the river in the car. Such a heavenly night, and it all looked so kind and peaceful.

November 10th. Braila.

A busy day in the Ward and two men died. Various Russians from General Headquarters came to tea. Apparently the Rumanians failed to blow up the bridge at Tchernavoda, but they hope to hold the enemy on the Constanza-Tchernavoda line until some heavy artillery from England gets out. Should Kola be kept open they may continue to advance this winter, but if the port is frozen and unavailable they will have to wait until May. Meanwhile it is said that the Serb Division will re-form somewhere near Reni.

November 12th. Braila.

A *huge* mail! Too thrilled and delighted for words, and it is all good news. I am even now sitting up in bed, clad in all the splendour of a new jersey sent by Mother, and which distracts my attention quite

dreadfully, just because it *is* so nice to be wearing something really attractive—and so comfortable.

November 13*th.* Braila.

Work as usual. Our names have all been taken by the Russian Commander-in-Chief for decoration for the Medjidia affair. What fun!

November 14*th.* Braila.

After supper I went down to the Monopol to have coffee with X., and found her surrounded by a strange crowd of Russian and Greek civilians. They were most polite. The Greek next to me was a Turkish subject, but had left Constantinople at the outbreak of war so as to avoid serving in their army. A party of Russian Officers dining at a table near by insisted on our joining them while they drank a health to England. They were charming. A glass to every toast is the rule here—so I left early!

November 18*th.* Braila.

Usual day and very cold. We have orders to give up the fresh-air campaign,

as we were almost imperilling international relations thereby, so the Wards are something indescribable.

I am told that the great provision difficulty is partly due to the cholera, as the country people are afraid to bring their stuff into the town.

November 20th. Braila.

An air-raid, the first since we left Medjidia. It was a gorgeous day, and I went for a long walk.

November 21st. Braila.

The war news from the Transylvanian Front is not good. Commander Locker-Lampson and his Armoured cars are said to be in or near Braila. They had to leave the Caucasus, as the roads were impossible.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

Nothing can beat the tales about us in Odessa. I enclose one cutting—but the best story tells of how the Scottish Women leapt into the sea at Constanza so as to escape the pursuing Bulgar!

We are very busy again in Hospital now, and no sign of moving. You will

hardly believe it credible, but I am the one who rises first at the Consulate and calls the rest! C. has gone back to the Transport Headquarters, a two days' journey, where they are kicking their heels with fury, and have nothing to do. The other Hospital, too, is slack, so we give ourselves horrid airs.

(*Extract from an Odessa paper referred to above.*)

Rumanian refugees arriving from Medjidia tell about the work of the British Women's Hospital. Immediately upon their arrival they arranged an exemplary Hospital for 200 beds. The Unit divided, and a part of the Nurses went to the nearest firing-line; the Rumanians call the work of the British Women ideal, and in fact the fearlessness and energy of the British Women is beyond praise. Four British Nurses of the Transport stayed in Medjidia till the last moment, picking up the wounded soldiers, and taking them back. When the foe got hold of Medjidia, the British Women had scarcely time to jump into their motors and go out of the town. The Rumanian Army and convoy were already out of

sight and the British Women had to stray in the mountains in abandoned places without knowledge of country or food three days. Nevertheless, they forced their way on to the good roads, and in three days came to Reni. The first thing they asked of Admiral Vosselkin, who heartily met them there, was to give them a bath, and only after a good wash in the Russian baths they asked for food. They were given a good meal, and taken to Galatz.

November 23rd. Braila.

The wounded are pouring in, but are mostly moderate cases from the Transylvania Front.

Our newest rumour: We are all to be shipped to Salonica via Kola. God forbid!

November 24th. Braila.

Meat rations failed. A busy day. Francis Joseph is dead.

November 25th. Braila.

We had tea at a neighbouring Hospital this evening. Most of the Rumanian

girls in these Hospitals seem very young, but are amazingly self-confident for their years. And for all their emotionalism the real horror of it seems to miss them entirely. They like physical horrors in a sense, for the sake of the sensation, or so it would seem. Of course this particular town is far from being representative, and has a large preponderance of elements, Greek and Jewish.

We have very bad news from both Fronts, and Bucharest is being evacuated. The Rumanians can only put 1,000,000 men all told into the field, and they are mostly peasants taken away from the vital work on the land. For the last two years the Army has been concentrated at intervals, first at one point then at another, with the result that stores of grain have been left unsown for want of labour, and these stores will make rich booty for the Germans if they fall into their hands.

We are very busy, 7,000 wounded in the town.

Still no rations.

November 26th. Braila.

Everyone hideously depressed, and the Government has moved to Jassi.

One feels desperately sorry for these people, with the lesson of Serbia and Belgium before them. Since the junction at Ploesti fell they seem to have lost heart with a rush. The country, with all its enormous stores of oil and grain, is just being abandoned to the enemy. The line to be held is roughly drawn from the south-west boundary of Moldavia through the north of the Dobrudja. The latter Front has been handed over entirely to the Russians.

Our plans are more settled. Hospital B. is to remain with the Serbs at Ismail, and we are to take over a Russian Hospital at Issacea in the Dobrudja. The Transport are to work farther south between us and Babadagh.

Here an endless flow of wounded. We put some of the beds together, and the men three in two beds, but even then had not enough room. It is the same everywhere. You see groups of hungry, weary men crowding the pavement before every Hospital.

I was told of a Rumanian artist to-day who lives in Bucharest and does strange sub-conscious drawings—rather in the manner of Planchette—a power he has possessed for six years. After the War he intends coming to London.

November 27th. Braila.

Two Russian Sisters have been attached to the Unit, one to Hospital A., one to the Transport Section, to act as interpreters and to keep the Russian accounts. They are at least very decorative members of the community.

November 28th. Braila.

No news. Rumour in this land of rumour says that letters will soon be difficult either to send or to receive.

CHAPTER IV

DECEMBER

December 1st. Braila.

Work as usual; colder.

News from Bucharest says that the enemy have been pushed back 20 miles, and there are excellent, though vague, accounts of good work in the Dobrudja. Still no mail.

December 3rd. Braila.

A small mail, but it was absolutely thrilling.

December 4th. Braila.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

Our plans are once more changed. The Transport have gone to Babadagh as before arranged, Hospital B. goes back with the Serbs to some place near Odessa, and we are being sent forward to Ciulnitza

on the main line between Tchernavoda and Bucharest. We move the day after to-morrow, and are frightfully pleased. The news is better, and rumour has it that the oilfields have been destroyed, which I hope is true.

There has been lots of work here, but the people are rather odious. They say our Hospital is run entirely by German Jews, so perhaps it is not surprising that we do not hit it off completely. The real Rumanians have been charming to us; the women are very good-looking.

J. and I gave such a successful tea-party the other day in honour of the birth-days of our respective Sisters. We pinched some wood from the house, lit a fire at the Consulate, and entertained a party of seven to tea and supper. The guests came at 4.30 and stayed until 10, and we all agreed we had enjoyed nothing so much for three months. Of course we sat in the firelight, and told ghost stories. The Consul's two little Rumanian maids rose to the occasion, and when we got back from the Wards we found a beautiful English table spread with the Consul's best china and silver and nothing for-

gotten, not even ash-trays and a cigarette-box. It only wanted a mail to make things perfect.

December 5th. Braila.

We nearly had a real Pogrom in the Wards this evening. Earlier in the day the Jew Secretary had told one of the patients that this War would wipe all the nations off the face of Europe, and leave the Jews the masters of the world. This evening he came upstairs on business, and the moment he appeared the patient leapt out of bed, beat upon his plate with a spoon, and delivered an impassioned address. The Jew was very nearly torn to pieces on the spot, and I found my sympathies were at the time distinctly Christian!

We took a fond farewell of the men whom we really do like more than we thought possible at first. J. goes back to Hospital B. to-morrow, so we went and had a farewell café at the Français. There we found some English flying men. They had flown from Imbros to Bucharest, and had been ordered away from Ciulnitza only this morning!

December 6th. In the Train.

Packed. We are only to take bed-bundles with us, which is rather a relief, as I gather we are bound to retreat before very long. We got into our train about 7 p.m. It consists of one coach and one truck for the equipment, so five of us arranged to sleep with and on the latter. It was a quaint scene when we had all settled down, but we made ourselves quite comfortable on the bales and we wrapped everything we possessed round and round us.

We are reunited to our old Medjidia Orderlies, and have twenty-five of them with us at the moment.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

By now we Orderlies are wily folk. We know how travelling in "furrin" parts affects the Unit, and decided that being on our own would compensate amply for being cold. So five of us volunteered to share the truck, and it was once a German truck, with the equipment. I was in one attic, that is on our topmost layer of bales under the roof, our Secretary reposed on the next ledge just below me, M. our anæsthetist was flung recklessly across

OUR SANITARS.

To face page 74.

space in the laundry trough, and the two others lay in state on camp beds on our limited floor space. There were no windows, so for the sake of light the door had to be open by day and it froze hard just after we started. Wednesday night we slept in the train. It was somewhat disturbed and chilly, and we did not leave Braila until 8 on Thursday morning. About 10 we made ourselves an excellent breakfast of Tchi, bread, sardines, and chocolate. The weather was very cold, and we kept going most of the time across a desolate flat landscape. All day we improvised excellent meals (a distracting amount of chocolate was produced), and we danced breakdowns at intervals to keep warm. Reached Ciulnitza about 5. It is nothing but a large station full of wandering rumours to the effect that Bucharest has fallen, and that our being allowed to stay is uncertain.

Dr. I. had us all out to sleep in a sort of waiting room place. In the middle of the night I had reason to suspect, and by morning had acquired proof that I had merely slipped into a bed (bed-clothes and all), that had but lately been vacated

by a Russian soldier. So had B. However, the consequences might have been worse and it was quite the funniest night I have ever spent. Half the soldiers in the place had apparently been accustomed to live there, and so would burst in at odd moments to fetch their belongings. B. was next the door, and it was her business to prevent them—if she could—so, whenever I opened an eye, there she was capering about the room in her pyjamas, pursuing some bewildered foreigner, and shouting: "Idé—idé—(Go, go)—oh, you fool, why don't you go, Idé, idé," while the Unit howled with mirth and Dr. I. vainly tried to assert a sense of outraged propriety.

December 8th. In the Train.

Breakfasted at 8, after which Dr. I. went off to search for the authorities. We walked up to the Aerodrome, and found five small French machines and three big English just arrived. They all had orders to evacuate at once. Bucharest has fallen, all communications are therefore cut, and the Army is falling back and will take up this position to-morrow.

Back to the station for luncheon. Food is running very low. Dr. I. announced that our orders were to leave. What wounded they are able to move are being taken farther back.

The Russian Red Cross people at Braila can have known very little of the situation up here. We are to go back to Ciura. So we packed ourselves once more into our truck, and watched the aeroplanes depart. They looped the loop over our train, and waved farewell. We had orders not to leave our carriages, and news came through that everyone was to be out of the place before 5, as the station would then be destroyed. So we spent the afternoon watching train after train, each with its crowd of refugees and soldiers, creep away. At 5 to 5 it was almost dark, we were still lying in the station, and eight trucks of explosives had just been hooked on. A young and quite presentable Rumanian Officer had been helping us to open our methylated barrel for cooking purposes, when huge flames were seen leaping up alongside our engine. He dashed forward to see what was happening, and instantly the place became a seething mass of jump-

ing, screaming humanity. The Officer came running back, shouting to us to shut the truck doors. We hauled him in, and slid the door to. It must have been touch and go to take our train with its load of "obus" within a few inches of what proved to be a blazing oil-tank. As soon as our carriage was past, we got the door open again. The horizon was in a blaze, oil-tanks, granaries, strawstacks, everything burnable was set light to. It was very terrible and very beautiful. Peasants, men, women, and children were running alongside the train in a panic, trying to clamber into the already overcrowded trucks, others had given up the struggle, and collapsed by the side of the line, or had settled down into that familiar dogged tramp with the blazing sky behind them.

The Officer came as far as Slovosia with us. By rights, it is an hour's journey, but we took three. Our guest was really interesting and quite tolerant and intelligent. The great hope of the Rumanian Army was, he said, General Avarescu, who gave up the command in the Dobrudja before the fall of Constanza, in order to take the supreme command in the Carpathians.

We gave our guest supper. Soup, bread and cheese, bread and sugar, bread and sardines, chocolate and cigarettes, the last of our private supplies, but all, we felt, in a good cause.

December 9th. In the Train.

I slept very well, and M. got up and gave us all breakfast at 10. We waited most of the morning for the train to go on, and by 3.30 were approaching Tanderei (the junction where the line to Braila branches off from the main line to Tchernavoda), and feeling very bored and cold when I saw an aeroplane planing down towards us. She was hovering quite low, and apparently just over our engine, when we heard a loud explosion, and realized she must be German. The whole place became alive with soldiers. The enemy followed up with a smart machine-gun fire; the French Officer, who was travelling with Dr. I., leapt out of his carriage, shouting: "Tirez, tirez, donc!" and two more loud explosions followed. We made one dash for the bales to try and find bandages and dressings, the Russian Army remembered their rifles, and the aeroplane was driven off. In the

station we found that the material damage was small, and the casualties only one horse killed and two men wounded. The aeroplane returned, and dropped two more bombs, but was driven off easily.

Our engine-driver felt so shattered that he actually hastened our departure, and we went much comforted by a drink of hot soup provided by some Russian Sisters.

We did not reach Ciura until 10.30 p.m. and then only to discover it had been evacuated at midday, and that we were to go on and try our luck at Faurei.

December 10*th*. In the Train.

Woke up after rather a miserable night, as my packing cases had got disorganized. The world very cold and rather hungry. At some wayside station Dr. I. found a goose, a duck, a hen, and half a pig. Our Russki's cooked them for us, the pork not half bad, and we got a liberal supply of bread and sugar. Last night's storm of wind and rain has abated, but it froze hard, and this morning the world was a big waste adorned by icicles. The water is pea-green, and has to be boiled for ten minutes, but the Russian Red Cross people

again came to the rescue with soup. We move infinitesimal distances at long intervals, and are told we are just about to get into the congestion! Saw a long column of artillery retreating across the plain. All tucked up by 8 p.m.

December 11th. In the Train.

A very cold night, but the truck woke in excellent spirits, and we had good Tchi for breakfast. After that we got into the saltmarsh district, and could get nothing but salt water, which was misery. Reached Faurei soon after 1, and found nothing there but mud, trains, and orders to go on to Braila. All the trucks from the north come in covered in snow.

Arrived late at Braila.

December 12th. Braila.

We woke in a siding to brilliant sunshine. B. and I went up to the town early. The water supply is off, so there are no baths to be had—rather a blow, as I have not moved out of my clothes from my fur coat downwards for five days.

At the Russian Headquarters Dr. I. was told that we should probably proceed

to Traian, some 25 kilometres in the direction of Faurei, there to work as a dressing-station.

B. and I met Colonel Griffiths, the Head of the British Oil Destroying Mission, and he lent us his room at the Français for the afternoon. It was rather fun, as the Officers of his Staff were running in and out all the time, and were very interesting. It seems that everything now depends upon holding the railway junction at Buzei, east of Ploesti, where the lines from Braila and Moldavia meet. The Germans are making a big offensive movement there, and it is just a chance whether or no the Russians will arrive in time to hold it. The loss of the line will probably mean the evacuation of Braila and Galatz.

Many tons of grain have fallen to the Germans, but, thanks to the British Mission, no oil.

At tea we heard that owing to the serious news from the Front our departure was to be delayed, and meanwhile the Russian authorities had provided us with two empty rooms in which to sleep. They are in a house perched on the cliff above the Danube, with a heavenly view. We

got out camp beds and bundles, and passed a decidedly chilly night.

I heard a most pathetic description to-day of the funeral of the Queen of Rumania's little son in the Royal Chapel at Bucharest. And a curious thing happened just before the child died. He nearly always spoke English, but, at the end, after having been unconscious for a considerable time, he suddenly said in Rumanian: "It is finished." He was only three.

December 13*th*. Braila.

Grey and wet. The streets inches deep in liquid mud. After tea Dr. I. announced that the Buzei line was not to be held, and in consequence we are to start work at Galatz and leave to-morrow. Glad at least to have something settled.

I got some hot water out of the other inhabitants of our villa, and we went to bed very clean and happy.

December 14*th*. Braila.

Heard definitely after tea that the congestion on the line was too great to allow of our going to-day, then hardly had we got back to the house and erected the beds

than an order came that we were to go at once. Packed in a fearful hurry, and went down to the Station. There we sat in a waiting-room full of Officers from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. Quite the most appalling night I have ever spent. At last the train turned up from the Port, and I tumbled into the truck.

December 15th. In the Train.

We woke soon after 9 to find ourselves just outside Braila, and spent the whole day in the train crawling along at intervals. At about 7.30 p.m. we arrived at Barbosi, and the Commandant of the station gave us an excellent meal of potatoes cooked in oil. A Rumanian officer, on his way to the Front with stores, contributed some tinned meat. He and a friend paid their respects to Dr. I., and then visited us in the truck and stayed until 11. They made lovely Turkish coffee, and told us the story of their lives, which was—dramatic! We all parted sworn friends.

December 16th. Galatz.

Reached Galatz about 5 a.m., 15 miles in 36 hours! A tiny mail awaited us,

but it was good to get. Spent the rest of the day getting clean. I am billeted in a dear little house with five of the others. Sambo, our terrier, is here. He was with the Transport for a time, then returned to Galatz with a Hospital B. Orderly. He is the most perfect gentleman I have ever met.

December 17*th*. Galatz.

Roll Call at 9 a.m. It is said that we are to start a Hospital here 2 miles outside the forts, but no definite arrangement has yet been come to. Matron goes to Odessa by boat to-night with the greater part of the equipment. B. and I went down to help and worked on the quay until 9.30. Beautiful night. An endless stream of guns and ammunition going up to the forts from the quay and the news from the Front very bad.

December 18*th*. Galatz.

To-day I have never stopped walking for a moment. The Russians are evacuating all their own Hospitals, and we have got to go too. The enemy are already this side of Faurei, and are threatening

Braila. I spent the afternoon and evening getting stores. Where, when, and how we go is uncertain. We could hear the guns to-day, and the station was a seething mass of refugees all fighting to get on the platform—everything guarded by sentries.

December 19th. Galatz.

Did stores from 8.30 a.m. until 6 p.m. Hospital B. is to evacuate to Odessa to-night with the British Red Cross Unit. We are to stay here. The Russians say they will not take the responsibility of getting us away, but nevertheless would like us to stay. Am glad.

December 20th. Galatz.

A Russian success is reported between Faurei and Braila, and four guns taken. This evening huge guns passed us on their way up from the quay to the town defences, some parts drawn by teams of not less than twelve oxen.

December 21st. Galatz.

Our hostess's son told us that Mr. Asquith has resigned, and that Lloyd

George has formed a Ministry. Most exciting, and we are longing for the English papers. The news from the Front continues to be good.

Patriotism must be a difficult problem out here. Our hosts are of Greek birth, but were for many years Turkish subjects, with interests in both Constantinople and Asia Minor. For a considerable time now they have lived at Galatz. This son has a Greek passport, and of his three brothers one is interned as a Turkish subject, another is in Bucharest with a Spanish passport, where the third was killed the other day in an air-raid. Of the two sons-in-law one is a Turkish subject exiled at Salonica; the other, also a Turkish subject, fought for the Russians through the siege of Port Arthur, and is now interned at Constantinople as a Russian Officer.

They are very frightened, poor people. We were sitting in our little room to-day and writing letters when Madame entered, her face all white and flabby, and said solemnly: "Boom—boom." At first we thought it was a joke, but, no, it wasn't; it was an air-raid! But the old lady must

find considerable consolation for these and other fortunes of war in the vast sums she is making out of the Scottish Women for our billets!

The house is wee, and there are two beds between five of us. So two have migrated to sofas next door. B. and I spent one woeful night together, and I've now retired to a mattress on the floor and am very comfortable. But what we really enjoy are our suppers. The Russians give us an allowance of 2 Lei (2 frs.) per head per day, so instead of being economical at some Restaurant, we pool our allowances, and have wonderful and exclusive feasts here. And the market is most attractive, and far bigger than the one at Braila.

December 22nd. Galatz.

I went for a long walk with B., and we found a large and beautiful lake north of the town. It was delicious, all blue and sparkly, with little boats dipping about in it.

There is a rumour that Tultcha has fallen, but it is, I believe, untrue. On the contrary, so says our host: "Les Russes ont détruit les Bulgares et les ont jetés dans un lac!"

December 23rd. Galatz.

A telegram came from Iliatchenko, the chief of the Russian Red Cross, ordering the British Red Cross Unit to move at once. They leave to-night, and the greater part of our equipment, including our kit-bags, is to go with them to Odessa.

We visited our new Hospital. It is in a dark and dismal slum between the port and the station. We slithered through much mud and found a fair-sized house that was once a Greek School and rejoices in the name of Pappadopol! Until we can find rooms we are to be quartered on the first floor. There are no drains, and we were decidedly peevish after viewing the premises. The rest of the Unit and most of all the Sanitary Inspector even more so. Our belongings were brought down in ox-waggons. Twelve in our room —Orderlies I mean, not ox-waggons.

December 24th. Galatz.

Having developed a violent toothache I slept badly, and am as cross as the tongs. We begin work in Hospital to-morrow. Sister C. is suspected of diphtheria.

I orderlied for Dr. I., and asked to stay

on for another six months. M. is the only other Orderly who is staying in A. Camp.

The guns in the Dobrudja direction very clear all day. No one seems to know for certain whether or not Tultcha has fallen, but rumour has it that our Transport are back at Reni. Tultcha is important in that it commands one of the branches of the Danube delta, and, in consequence, an access to the Black Sea.

December 25th (Christmas Day). Galatz.

No work to be done except for the Sanitars, who were kept busy stuffing mattresses. Everyone was rather too obviously cheerful, and I spent the afternoon with the Dentist and made my toothache far worse.

They have flung a pontoon bridge across the Danube here, and the Dobrudja guns sound nearer.

A mail came in, but there was not one letter for any of us—all for Hospital B. and the Transport! It was bitter.

A most wonderful spread awaited us at tea, and we played games and chanted carols far into the night. I'm sure the Russkis think we worship strange gods indeed!

To bed on 30 grains of Aspirin and two Somnytics, I should imagine a record.

December 26th. Galatz.

'We were woken at 2 a.m. by a terrific explosion, followed by two less violent. It proved to be a Zeppelin—our first night raid—and the bombs were very near. The Dentist later, but he did no good. News is bad and plans uncertain. Tultcha fell last Thursday or Friday, and our Transport are believed to be at Ismail.

December 27th. Galatz.

Everyone busy getting the mattresses made and stuffed. I had a large tooth removed and am thankful.

Iliatchenko, the chief of the Russian Red Cross in these parts, visited the Hospital. He said that in four or five days they will know whether or not it is possible to hold the line from a point between Issacea and Macin in the Dobrudja, up to Buzei, where a battle is now raging. If Macin falls Galatz must follow in three or four days' time, in which case we are to move north to Folteste, which lies at the head of a pontoon bridge on the Pruth, and set

to work there. The Transport have done *very* good work in the Dobrudja.

Commander Locker Lampson's Armoured cars have all turned up here. They say Galatz will be bombarded from two sides, and blown to little, little bits. To-day the guns were incessant.

We moved into our billets. M., N., S., B., and I are all together in a wee cottage 50 yards from the Hospital.

December 28th. Galatz.

I am to have a Ward to myself, and am absolutely *thrilled.* The second upstairs Ward is nearly finished, but mercifully there are no wounded yet, and we ought to be quite ready by to-morrow. There is a rumour of a Russian victory.

December 29th. Galatz.

At work until 6 p.m., getting the three top Wards ready. They look very nice, particularly my own!

I escaped for an interval after luncheon, and had a big wash in a small, small basin. A wonderful day, but no news, and only some letters for Hospital B. and the Transport.

CHAPTER V

JANUARY

December 30th—January 7th, 1917. Galatz—Reni.

I have had no time in which to write since the 30th. It has been a pretty terrible week, and one which not one of us is likely to forget.

On the afternoon of the 30th we admitted 100 wounded, on the evening of the 1st 160, and we evacuated from Galatz in the early hours of the 5th.

The school being originally for both boys and girls, was divided into two parts. We knocked a hole in the wall of partition, and by means of a precipitous ladder-like erection allowed the two to communicate. And here a word of sympathy for our poor old Sanitars (Russian Orderlies), who toiled gallantly up and down with the heavy stretchers all the day and most of the night. On the ground floor was the

Dressing-room, the Wash-house, and two Wards; on the first, three Wards, the Theatre, and the Staff's united Kitchen-Mess room.

Dr. I. met every case at the door; when they wanted immediate attention they were sent straight to the two other Doctors in the dressing-room, and the rest came to the wash-house. Later the rush was too great, and we had to give up the idea of undressing and washing every patient, though the joy the lighter cases took in their tubs of water was pathetic to behold. We worked by the inadequate illumination of a few oil lamps, and here and there a candle. It all seemed dim and confused. The whole of the first night I worked in the bath-room, and the Uniform Orderly had her work cut out indeed collecting the rags and scraps of uniforms into ordered bundles and seeing to their disinfection.

It is no light job undressing and washing a badly wounded six-foot-odd Russian who cannot understand what you want of him. When they realize we are English, they are nearly always confident and friendly. And all the time the lamp flutters,

OFF ON A FORAGING EXPEDITION AT RENI.

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and smokes, and smells, and as often as not in the end goes out.

We try and keep some record of each case; the name, number, and regiment, and we tie little cardboard discs round their necks with duplicate information. But so many come in dying or unconscious or delirious, and if they die I suppose no one ever discovers who or what they are or where they come from. And I suppose their families just go on—waiting. It makes one long wildly for law and order and discipline, whatever the picturesque value of other qualities. When these poor broken creatures are brought here in the springless carts to find, at the best, a straw mattress to lie on, to have to suffer tortures which perhaps they don't understand, with all day the horror of gangrene or tetanus before their eyes, and all day and all night long the smell, the confusion and the dirt—I think it is hard to realize until you have seen it the heartbreaking courage and loneliness of them all. Some of them mere children, submitting quite quietly to a crippling operation; others peevish and indignant, imploring you to stop the pain; here and there a smile, and you don't

know how we blessed the men who smiled; a child dying with a tiny abdominal wound; two delirious head cases; and in one corner an Officer, blind and sullen, watched over by a devoted little Cossack servant. You thank Death whenever it comes, and often and often you pray that it may be quick, and every minute there is so much to do and every minute what you achieve must fall so short of the necessity. You don't know what it is to feel impotent like that.

It is no consolation to think that these men after all expect so much less than our own—they do no doubt—but that only makes it worse. They have led grey, grey lives always, and now they are dying this slow grey death.

We have only six trained Sisters, and when you have taken off one for the Theatre and two for Night Duty, three only are left for the Wards. The other two Nursing Orderlies work in the Theatre. At one time the Sister and I on the first floor had over 90 patients between us. My Ward was eventually just filled with straw, and the men were laid side by side as they came in as close as possible. We had an amazing percentage of very heavy cases, and were

on every day, without a stop, up to anything between 2 and 6 the following morning. In the first 38 hours the Doctors operated for 36 on end. The B.A.C. (British Armoured Cars) Surgeon, Mr. Scott, came up to help, and brought with him four English Orderlies who proved the most unutterable blessing.

On the afternoon of the 4th we got orders to evacuate at once, and immediately after Mr. Scott arrived and insisted that we should go to Reni on the A.C. barge that evening. Every patient that could be moved we sent off, and four of the Unit stayed behind, with Dr. I. to look after those who could not go until the next day or were dying. The rest of us, which of course includes Sambo, got into the barge at 2 a.m. It was wonderful having everything smoothly and expeditiously arranged for us by English Tommies.

Galatz has been a nightmare, and I could not be sorry to go if it were not that we were once more retreating.

It was a beautiful night on the quay, with a burning granary making a terrific conflagration on the other side of the river, and the guns very near. They say Galatz

will be shelled soon, and we heard—but this was only rumour—that Braila had fallen.

The hold was prepared for us, and we spent a comfortable night, and were woken up next morning by a cheerful Tommy with a bowl of steaming porridge. We did not leave Galatz until 8.30 a.m., and the journey to Reni took 1½ hours. A perfect day, and we have been given a nice little house here. We moved our stuff and ourselves, and the other four arrived next morning. Our orders point to our being sent to Kagul, north of Reni, and away from the railway, but this awaits official confirmation. It is very cold and there is some snow. The Transport have all gone back to Odessa, as their cars have got to be repaired.

January 8th. Reni.

The news about Braila is true.

Damp, mud knee deep, and no news. The A.C. sent us two days' rations.

January 9th. Reni.

The six monthers left, travelling to Odessa on the A.C. train. B. is doing the kitchen, with me as her assistant!

One of the A.C. Officers sent the "Scottish Lasses" a truly wonderful present of butterscotch and peppermint creams. They are good to us.

January 10*th*. Reni.

After breakfast B. and I went on a foraging expedition. We got an order for meat from the Intendant de Ville, and the butcher was charming; but it was three hours before that meat arrived! In the end we returned to the Unit in triumph with half an ox, and a gorgeous supply of apples and onions.

The guns from Galatz thundered all day.

After supper I tried to cope single-handed with the porridge. L. came to the rescue, and saved the situation and the porridge just in time, but we both had to sit up until 11 stirring.

It is all hideously depressing: Galatz. No news. No mail. The party that has gone home. Retreats, and MUD.

January 11*th*. Reni.

Mrs. H. and a mail arrived from Odessa soon after breakfast. No papers and no

parcels, but lots and lots of letters. We spent a great morning reading, even though they seem pretty depressed at home, and to improve matters still more the sun came out and dried up some of the mud and my porridge wasn't so bad after all!

After tea a Russian Officer in command of a battery here took us up to see it. Immensely interesting, dug-outs, trenches, wire entanglements, and field telephone all complete. The battery goes into action to-morrow.

We hated Reni that day we first saw it all hot and dusty last August. But the country behind is really full of possibilities, and you get a wonderful view of the grey river and the Dobrudja mountains.

A Bulgar shell burst in the river this afternoon, and Galatz was very busy and noisy. The remaining A.C. Officers arrived from there, and came to supper, which they declared was good, although B. and I were not feeling at all equal to the occasion. They gave us some food, including a whole live sheep.

C. has gone home. The Transport have broken up, and the Cars will be useless until the spring.

Iliatchenko has been superceded, and our new chief, Prince Kropenski, is said to be coming here to-morrow.

January 12*th*. Reni.

Prince Kropenski arrived soon after breakfast; he speaks English perfectly, and has even played golf at St. Andrews! We are to stay here for the moment, and if the place is bombarded move to Bender. He has given us part of the barracks as a Hospital, and a house near by to live in. We move at 8 a.m. to-morrow.

Kitchen and the toothache all day—heartily sick of both.

January 13*th*. Reni.

We have the most adorable house to live in that someone must have invented for a joke. It stands high, about a quarter of a mile back from the river, with a very fine view of the Danube and Galatz, over which the shells are bursting. The Hospital is to be in the barracks just below, and we spent the whole day getting the equipment up. M. has found a deserted black kitten, and so is, of course, perfectly happy! N. and I were left alone to cope with the

dinner, which was a great success. They have sent for two more Sisters from Hospital B. at Odessa, as well as cooks.

I do hope we shall get a chance of staying here.

January 14*th*. Reni.

It was moonlight when I got up this morning, and I got the breakfast by the help of the sunrise. The sunshine continues, and we live in our overalls; it's delicious.

Austrian prisoners are to work for us as Sanitars in the Hospital, and every drop of water we use for drinking and for the Hospital has to be carted up from the river. And such water! It's the same colour as the tea, only it is opaque instead of clear. And by now we know our Danube too well to really enjoy drinking it. Soup made with it looks lovely—so rich and thick.

January 15*th*. Reni.

Patients were promised to us by 12 a.m., but the Hospital in the village was evacuated, and no train has come in yet. The Wards look very nice, and we have actually

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"LISHKA AND BENDER, OUR AUSTRIAN COOKS."

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got beds. Just plain wooden erections, little more than planks on a stand, but ever such a luxury for all that. I am in charge of the two straw Wards.

The Russian evacuation Hospital at the station is by way of sending us the bad cases that cannot travel any farther, and in the village there is a fever Hospital for Cholera and Typhus. The prisoners are nice, and after the Russkis amazingly quick and clean.

A battery that lives about 300 yards away suddenly went off during luncheon, and made the most appalling noise.

January 16*th*. Reni.

The wounded started coming in at 1 a.m., but the Night Sisters managed nobly, and we were not had out of bed. Fifty admitted in all, and twenty more during the day. The cases are, on an average, better than at Galatz. On up till 9.30 p.m.

There appeared to be a great fire at Galatz, somewhere near the region of Pappadopol, and the bombardment was incessant. Here there was an aeroplane raid, which we and the Austrians watched side by side with equal interest.

January 17*th.* Reni.

Sambo has received official recognition. It became necessary. Dogs and puppies abound, and the Unit is developing a weakness for the adoption of any and every waif they meet. So now we have: "The Official Dog." Dr. I. loves him, as we all do, and even poor unofficial Pushkin (the black kitten) has almost won her heart.

Wards all day up to 12 p.m. No news, and the firing less violent.

January 18*th.* Reni.

We hear there is still some hope of holding Galatz and that Reni is a very strong position, so we look like staying here. To-day Scotch mist and rain, with the wood supply threatening to give out. Most of our Austrians have been to Siberia, and now imagine themselves to be in a sort of paradise—poor devils.

January 19*th.* Reni.

Wards all day. We are getting much straighter, and it is a comfort not to be working in a blind chaos. I feel we have got the chance of doing real good to this

lot, and the little Russian beds make such a difference. To-night a snow blizzard.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

There were just two very characteristic sayings in Rumania. The first was: "A la guerre comme à la guerre," applicable to every discomfort from a retreat to an attack of "cold feet," and the other: "Les ALLIÉS feront quelquechose."

I think I will bring back two Russkis together with their wives and families, and I gather the latter are extensive, to live at the lodge at Frogmore. Feodor is very good-looking, and David has a round red face like a gnome and cherishes an enormous beard. But I think they would both look picturesque in Camberley!

Rumour says that one method of censoring here is to delay all letters for four weeks without opening them, so that any information they might contain would be useless.

One of the cooks has just arrived from Odessa with a perfectly wonderful mail including parcels. Oh, such fun as it was—and I got a book besides a Balaclava, a woolly cap, two pairs of woolly gloves, a housewife and three handkerchiefs. The

winter has come at last too, so they have arrived just at the right moment.

You should have seen the Mess-room last night. Supper cooled itself wearily on the table, while the entire Unit sat buried in papers, letters, and parcels. The floor was soon invisible beneath a pile of paper, etc. Everyone presents a strangely bulgy appearance for days after a mail, as we have to go on duty with as much of it as possible stuffed into our pockets!

Our kit-bags are all in Odessa, and we left Braila on December 6th, anticipating a separation of, at the most, ten days! You all sound more cheerful, which is comforting—and have even mentioned peace terms. Does one? Is it the right thing to do in the best circles? How wonderful.

The cold weather is rather marvellous, and came quite suddenly after five glorious days of spring and sunshine. Now the ice is thick, thick, on our windows—you can see nothing at all of the outside world. The snow has already drifted very deep in places, and there is a bitter north wind blowing across the steppe.

January 20th. Reni.

This morning a telegram ordering instant evacuation caused the uttermost consternation, but was mercifully contradicted later. An awful day, snow drifting feet deep, bitterly cold and a wild blizzard. F. arrived in the evening from Odessa with letters.

Captain B., a Russian Officer, has been sent to us by Headquarters at Bolgrad in the place of the Russian Sister, and to act as Administrator and interpreter. He speaks English with a fearful stammer, and is quite diverting. My first meeting with him was in the Ward. He came up to me and very gravely announced that one of the patients was suffering from "d-d-d-dreadful h-h-h-hills o-of the sh-sh-shtomack!"

January 22nd. Reni.

Heavy day, three cases in my Ward desperately ill. Dr. I. went off to Odessa on business.

January 23rd. Reni.

Work much lighter. The local Priest, the biggest man I have ever, ever seen,

came to luncheon. He made the food look so inadequate that I felt quite sorry for it!

January 25th. Reni.

Twelve admitted. A busy day, but off after tea.

January 27th. Reni.

Busy day, a rumour about that Braila has been retaken, and fried eggs on toast for supper! The line between here and Galatz is under fire, which explains why our convoys always arrive at night.

L. is at this moment making a hideous noise, endeavouring to kill a centipede. It sounds easy, but the centipedes here are hard and scaly and quite four inches long. They scrunch—horrible! I wonder if St. George's dragon scrunched?

January 28th. Reni.

Snowing very hard. A little paralyzed boy in my Ward died—I am glad, poor child.

Prince O., the Chief of the Red Cross in the whole of Russia, and a gentleman of quite dizzy eminence, was to have visited us to-day, but he never arrived.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

B. is making the pudding for supper and chanting in a doleful voice:

"The jam has given out,
"The marmalade has given out,
"The butter has given out,
"The margarine has given out."

The sad voice of an invalid is heard to murmur:

"And what *are* we going to eat?"
B. (*sternly*) "Bread and rice."

Outside the country is just a white glare, and floweth not with milk and honey; inside we can see very little, except the wonderful patterns the frost has made on our windows.

The other day we had a visit from some Russian Military Big-wig, who inspected the Hospital. He examined everything in the most portentous silence, and we began to get nervous. Then—

"At last," he said—"at last I see women work." And the compliment to us, if not to our sex, was not a bad one.

I like the snow sometimes. It stops the guns, and makes the world a more peaceful

place. To-day there has been a heavy fall. To cheer us we hear there is better news. Wouldn't it be thrilling if our next move were an advance!

January 29th. Reni.

In bed all day with a bad pain and rather sick. Mrs. H. turned up late. She has been at Galatz all this time visiting the Front. The Braila rumour is untrue, but nevertheless the situation is quite encouraging. The line is held on the Sereth, and they say that all the German troops have been withdrawn from this Front.

Some of our men were evacuated to-day. They go in the same open carts even in this awful weather. It's an appalling thought. They would hardly be given so much as straw and blankets if we did not send our own.

It may be worth while to mention here that on one occasion during the worst of this terrible weather one of the aforementioned carts arrived, and when we went to carry the wounded in we found only two bodies frozen stiff under coverings that were just a sheet of ice. They had only about a quarter of a mile to travel to

reach us. This may serve as an example of the conditions under which the men fight over here, with no hope of a Commission of Enquiry.

January 30*th.* Reni.

Off. Bitterly cold.

January 31*st.* Reni.

Off. A frightful blizzard, and collapse of the wood and water supply. The problem seems to be getting serious. We melt snow to meet the latter demand, and it certainly looks a more healthy drink than the Danube. We use it in Hospital too. And instead of wood we burn reeds. They don't give much heat, and they are very extravagant, but there is nothing else. Here the Mess-room fire is the only one allowed, and that is lit in the afternoon and kept going until after dinner.

Colder than ever, with a bitter wind. I suffered a severe relapse, and had to stay in bed, toothache being added to my other woes. I read "Ouida" all the morning and worse rubbish, if possible, all the afternoon. Like the melted snow and the reeds there is nothing else.

CHAPTER VI

FEBRUARY

February 2nd. Reni.

Off. Floods of sunshine, and I went down to the river. It was grey and unfriendly, with great blocks of ice floating along. The snow is blinding. We decorated the walls with shadow profiles of ourselves, and in consequence have fewer illusions left than ever.

February 3rd. Reni.

Back on duty. The men were very nice, and the work as usual. There was a boy with a terrible wound in his thigh, from shrapnel, and he was getting on so well. Then yesterday he died—oh, it is hateful.

February 5th. Reni.

Forty-four admissions last night, but light cases for the most part.

The Bulgars are only six kilometres from

THE DANUBE.

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– the farther bank of the Danube, and here we are between the first and second Russian lines of defence. What fun for us when they start bombarding! A hostile aeroplane was over to-day.

February 6th. Reni.

A busy day, and not quite so cold. The authorities sent us twenty horses from Bolgrad to do our carting, but nothing whatever to feed them on, and the poor brutes are now subsisting on the crusts of our black bread. Meanwhile bread, wood, and meat are all threatening total failure.

They say if it were not for the difficulty of Transport and the shortage of food we could sweep Rumania clear to-morrow. No news.

February 7th. Reni.

Our new Doctor arrived from Odessa soon after breakfast, and brought a mail. Hospital B. has been ordered to the Bukovina Front. Dr. C. is to rejoin them, and so insisted on my coming to Odessa with her to get my teeth seen to.

Accordingly we embarked upon a Sani-

tary (Hospital) train at 8 p.m. Anyway the prospect of a kit-bag in the near future is alluring.

C. has joined the Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd.

February 8th. In the Train.

We are travelling with something like 600 wounded. It is very comfortable. We share a carriage, have meals with the Staff, and pay nothing. And such meals too. White bread and butter and *eggs!*

The train is in charge of a woman Doctor, who speaks French, and is arranged as follows:

Coach	No. 1	.. Isolation.
,,	Nos. 2 and 3	.. Serious cases.
,,	Nos. 4 and 5	.. Staff.
,,	No. 6	.. Staff Dining-room and Office.
,,	No. 7	.. Kitchen.
,,	No. 8	.. Sanitars' quarters.
,,	Nos. 9 and 10	.. Lighter cases.
,,	No. 11	.. Dressing-room.
,,	No. 12, etc.	.. Wounded.

There was one German on the train, a prisoner, and very badly wounded. He looked so desolate that I felt surprisingly

Christian all of a sudden, and even tried to talk German to him. He was being treated with every kindness and care. One cannot say too much for the way in which the first Field Dressings are done here, and every man has the date of his last dressing written on his bandages.

February 10*th.* Odessa.

We got into Odessa about midday, and two most delightful sleighs took us up to Hospital B. It's a truly magnificent place. Bathroom, electric light and radiators. The latest rumour says that Hospital B. is to go somewhere near Jassi, not to the Bukovina. Dr. I. has gone back to Reni.

February 14*th.* (*Extract from a letter.*)

I am having an excellent time here, and feel rather ashamed of myself, as you are probably picturing me being a noble woman under the worst possible conditions. The Dentist is doing his lurid worst, and a toothless if painless future awaits me.

From you to-day two letters, some soup, a beautiful hanky and chocolate, of which the Censor was good enough to leave me three bits!

We went for a picnic the other day. No one but the Scottish Women would have thought of it, I am certain. We sat in the snow, and drank tepid tea, and ate home-made dripping cake, with the bluest of Black Seas at our feet. It was great fun, and we laughed too often and too much to feel cold. To-night one of the Sisters has invited me to "Traviata," and to-morrow I am going to "Prince Igor," so I am lucky, for in Odessa we do things musical well.

February 15*th*. Odessa.

A glorious day. Up late and in the afternoon we went for a long sleigh drive, which was great fun, though far more nerve-racking than a retreat. The private sleighs are really beautiful, and great coloured nets are spread over the horses' backs and fly behind them as they move. The pavements are inches deep in ice, and walking is both difficult and perilous. Something like 30 degrees of frost to-day.

To tea and supper with a member of the English colony. Real English open fires and BUNS!

The docks are frozen hard, such a winter has been unknown for years.

February 18*th*. Odessa.

B. and N. arrived from Reni on their way back home. Life will be an utter blank without them. Mrs. M. is coming back with me.

February 20*th*. In the Train.

We left Odessa about 6 p.m. and have sixteen packages and cases of Hospital stuff to steer safely to Reni. About 12 p.m. we got ourselves and our baggage into a Sanitary train at Sastava, where a little Jew boy, with wavy golden hair and tight mauve mufti, made himself most agreeable in French.

February 21*st*. In the Train.

We saw a wolf quite close to the railway line, and so feel we have beheld true Russia at last! It is pathetic; they only give us one real meal a day, and we brought no provisions. Also I did think I was looking my very, very best in all the glories of a new uniform and Odessa-waved hair. But to no purpose. The mauve Jew became very confidential this morning, and gazing at my new, new tunic, said mournfully that it was sad indeed that we wore such

clothes, for was it not the duty of every woman at least to *try* and look her best!

February 22nd. In the Train.

This morning the Sanitar presented us with the bill for yesterday's food, together with a depressing breakfast of black bread and Tchi. We stopped for 24 hours at Besserabski. No one was the least surprised—we do these things in Russia.

February 23rd. In the Train.

Started off again. An uneventful and rather hungry day.

February 24th. Reni.

Woke up at Reni, and by luncheon time had all our baggage safely unshipped.

There is a case of Typhus in the Hospital, so we are in quarantine for twelve days. On duty. Beds have been put in my Ward, and it is opened whenever the others are over full.

We have a new Russian Sister to help with the Secretarial work; she looks a dear, and speaks English very well.

February 25th. Reni.

Work as usual. I miss B. and N. horribly.

CHAPTER VII

MARCH

March 1st. Reni.

Wet, cold and horrible. No news.

March 2nd. Reni.

To-day came the worst blizzard we have yet had. Almost cut off from the Hospital. The Danube has been frozen hard for the last week, and is used as a means of communication with the opposite bank, which is guarded by Cossack patrols. Anyway, the carts are able to bring over some wood, which is something.

March 4th. Reni. (*Extract from a letter.*)

We have been gathering a little news of the outside world from a B.A.C. Officer, who has just come up from Tiraspol (their Base). The Russian Commander-in-Chief of this Front is by way of inspecting us this afternoon, and yesterday a big Sanitary

man came and held a bug hunt on a large scale.

But they all make pretty speeches, so I hope they are pleased.

March 7th. Reni.

Heavenly day—thawing. Work much as usual, and we evacuated twenty-nine men. I took rather a pleasant photograph of the Sisters in their typhus kit. No news.

March 11th. Reni.

Cold and more snow. Kropenski arrived late, and expressed himself very pleased. Our little Captain is to go, but the Sister to stay.

March 12th. Reni.

Work as usual. I went for a long walk with M. We crossed the Pruth, and altogether covered about five miles. Got back after dark wading through seas of mud.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

This is bound to be a record of domestic happenings—the War being for the moment uneventful.

OUR HOSPITAL AT RENI.

WOOD-CARTS CROSSING THE FROZEN DANUBE.

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To begin at the very beginning, there is a convulsion of nature at 6.30 a.m., and an Austrian prisoner staggers in with two green canvas buckets full of water. Nice iced water! A few, and I am not of their number, wash. As Dr. I. says: "Some people will always wash, but others will only do so if it is made easy for them." Hence the buckets. Then we make our beds, and breakfast follows at 7.15. Room inspection at 5 to 8, and Roll Call at the Hospital at 8. From 12 to 1.30 we alternately go to first and second dinner. If you go to first you come on immediately after until 5, and if to second you are off until 4.30. Tea is from 4 to 5, and supper from 7 to 8.15. After supper hot water is obtainable, and you will be relieved to hear that the family wash, unless the supply is low, in which case a hot water-bottle takes precedence. This is the routine, though it is often sadly mutilated by circumstances.

Mrs. M. feeds us wonderfully, and supplies are far more plentiful.

Last night I saw the most magnificent meteor.

A walk by the river is a curious sight these

days. The bank is one long line of trenches and observation posts. Little houses are beginning to emerge above the snow, while others are still submerged, and the ice is on a level with the thatch. As soon as the ice breaks up the floods will be severe, and railway communication with Galatz will be cut off. You know, of course, that there is only one single line from here to Odessa, and a little light extension line on to Galatz. But that is the case in most parts of Russia, I believe. So, in these circumstances, you may imagine the difficulties of Transport are immense, and more than ever so in this weather. The hardest winter they have had for nearly ten years.

I have just been down to see sixteen of our men off from the evacuation Hospital—a striking contrast to seeing them off at Derby. The usual springless carts are sent for them; I got in with one of the stretcher cases, and off we bumped. (It's ghastly for the badly wounded.) I had on my Cossack hood, greatcoat, and high boots, and the driver was convulsed when he discovered I was not a soldier. He laughed, and I laughed, and the patients joined in—in fact, we thought it a very

good joke indeed! I saw them into the train, and then started for home in one of the carts with my own Sanitar. It is quite a short way, but the night is dark, and we managed to lose the track and get well stuck in the snow.

March 13*th*. Reni.

Very cold. Guns all day, and a part of Galatz seemed to be burning. The Russian batteries on our Right answered. The enemy shelled the Pruth defences, and one shell came over Reni, but did not burst.

Pushkin has eloped with an *enormous* grey tabby.

March 14*th*. Reni.

At supper we were sent a message: "Bagdad is by the English Army taken." Great news indeed, and the Russians are said to be drawing down from the north.

March 16*th*. Reni.

Wards slack. Captain B. departed in the evening. "Th-th-thank you s-s-s-so m-m-much for the b-b-b-beautiful k-kindness sh-shewn me in y-y-your middle," was his farewell to the Unit.

March 17*th*. Reni.

Gorgeous day—went for a long walk. On the way to the Pruth watched a fine air-raid. All along large numbers of Austrian prisoners were digging trenches, etc., and the road was flooded in places. Beyond the Pruth the road was completely submerged, and the railway embankment was supplemented with sandbags. We walked until we were held up by water.

March 18*th*. Reni.

No one can think or speak of anything but the Revolution. Captain B. arrived posthaste from Bolgrad this morning to tell us the news, a gleam in his eye, and his stammer forgotten. The first tidings had come from the Turks in the Dobrudja, who had wirelessed their congratulations!

On February 26th (O.S.) the Duma had been dissolved, but had refused to disperse, and the abdication of the Emperor was demanded. He obeyed, and they have now formed a Provisional Government. The Throne was offered to the Emperor's brother, Michail Alexandrovitch, but he will accept it only on condition that he is elected thereto by the entire nation. The

Grand Duke Nicholas is once more in supreme command of the Armies on all Fronts, and they say there will be a big move soon. There is the wildest enthusiasm and confidence everywhere, and they claim the whole Revolution to be the work of the Army and people united. Splendid —*splendid.* The Emperor is believed to be a prisoner at Tsarskoe.

Everyone is beaming, and one cannot even in these early days but rejoice at the change of attitude. One had heard and was weary of so much gossip.

We already talk of the Ancien Régime !

March 19th. Reni.

No news. The Danube is free. Pushkin returned to the family circle quite unrepentant.

March 20th. Reni. (*Extract from a letter.*)

We've had the most breathless and unexpected day. It began early this morning with the arrival of Kropenski, Prince Dolgoroukov, the Commanding Officer of the Troops here, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole Front and all his gilded staff. After they had inspected the Hospital,

we were lined up in a row, and—decorated! We have got the "George," the same as the soldiers get, which adds to their value, and when we returned to the Wards we created a far greater sensation than the Revolution ever did. I was very touched by the dear old N.C.O. of the Austrian prisoners, who saluted and congratulated me in German in the most delightful way.

(*From Diary.*)

An enemy aeroplane over and the shooting better. As a matter of fact, it is over at this minute. I am sitting out in brilliant sunshine, the batteries on either side of us have opened fire, and I can hear the shells buzzing through the air as I write.

March 22nd. Reni.

All leave is stopped on this Front. Work is slack, which Dr. I. says is bad for us, wherein I do not agree.

F. and I moved up to the turret, which is delicious.

March 23rd. Reni.

This morning the Wards were blessed and Ikons put up in each.

A Russian Doctor visited the Hospital in the afternoon, and shed some interesting light on the other side of the Revolution, *i.e.*, the democratic influence in the ranks. I should love to see them working out their own salvation, and in the end I am sure they will succeed; but the present possible effect of the Revolution on the Army does undoubtedly make one anxious. They say the Socialistic element makes an unanimous election of the Grand Duke Michail Emperor impossible.

March 25th. Reni.

We have been making history by attending a Free Speech Revolutionary Meeting in the market square. The crowd was almost entirely composed of and addressed by soldiers and Officers; the Meeting was much beflagged in scarlet, and had a passion for singing the "Marseillaise." But the gist of the speeches (as conveyed to us later by the Russian Sister) was much to the point. They insisted that the first duty of the citizens of the Republic was to defend Russian soil, announced that proof of treasonable guilt on the part of the Emperor and Empress had been found,

and added that whereas hitherto England and France had always doubted the good faith of Russia, henceforth her loyalty was assured, and the War would be fought to a finish. The audience was good-tempered and appreciative, and there came a charming interlude when they sang, as only Russians can sing, a little chant and prayer for all those killed at Petrograd during the Revolution.

Judging from this afternoon the only people in Russia who are not free-born are the people who disagree with you. They had a short way with hecklers!

Freedom of speech, letters, and religion is granted. So far so good. It is a big task for those responsible. The men are just beginning to realize the change, though to our eyes they seem slow to grasp it, and they are terribly dangerous material for the agitator.

One sees this even in Hospital. The man with a little education has an enormous influence over the rest. And he is full of big, plausible ideas, as vague and as restless as his own discontent. And I don't think that the dullness of the average peasant is lethargy; on the contrary, they

are inflammable and primitive. They reason like children, and are ignorant and affectionate like children—but they are also forceful and mysterious.

We have a very mixed lot in just now, and through our being in quarantine they have had to stay in some time, so that we have got to know them rather well.

For instance, in the Ward in which I am working there is an unpleasant individual of "education" who talks a lot, and would no doubt give the Almighty advice on the creation of a new Heaven and a new Earth if he got the opportunity. Close to him an older man who looks like an Archangel, and argues gently all day, and in the corner behind the stove a sad misanthrope. But I like the latter, because he is intelligent, and though he may have come to much the same conclusions as my first friend he has suffered much on the way there.

There are many boys, dull and rather stupid, and then there is Simeon. Simeon is just the most beautiful male thing I have ever seen. I told the Unit so, and they all flocked to look at him in bed with his cropped head, and they appreciated

his manners and his beautiful smile, but went away disappointed. You are until you see him move. This utterly graceful creature is over six foot, is only nineteen and comes from Siberia. No, he says, he does not want to go home, he wants to go back to the Front, get another nice little wound and so return to the "Schottlandski Lazaret" (Scottish Hospital). And after a compliment like that, do you wonder that we all love him!

We have one "smart" young man, he can read and write, is a smith by trade, and in times of peace earns an astonishing number of roubles a month. If there is one thing he abhors it is the uneducated! And then there is Nikolai. Nikolai has been desperately ill and with us a long time. He will say you are the most perfect of created beings if he is feeling in the mood, and will bite you if he isn't. And so it goes on. The young ones are for the most part delightful, and young and old will, just like the Tommy at home, produce all his treasures to show you. Our youngest patient is a Cossack Sergeant of fifteen. He was adopted by the regiment when a child, and has won all the

four medals of St. George, and all the four crosses. He is quite frightfully naughty and a great darling.

As to the Hospital, it is really very smart these days. It forms two sides of a square, and the men when they first come in are taken straight into the Receiving-room, where they can repose on straw, and where they are given a hot bowl of Tchi and some bread. Next door is the Bath-room, and opening out of it the Disinfecting-room, the Uniform-room and the Mortuary. We can house 150, and the Wards, the Store-room, and the Theatre fill the rest of the building.

March 26th. Reni. (*Extract from a letter.*)

A very cold spell lately, but to-day again floods of sunshine.

We have seen the wild geese flying north, we have seen the storks beginning to nest, we have looted irises for our garden, and we have planted sunflowers. We are, in fact, happy and comfortable, and therefore expect to be forced to leave Reni before we are very much older! The Hospital is fast filling up again.

The B.A.C.'s are in rather a pessimistic frame of mind.

Four of us have moved up to the turret, and yesterday I awoke to behold big fires on the slopes of the mountains opposite—signs of a Bulgarian withdrawal that were confirmed later in the day. We hear, too, of a new German offensive with Petrograd as its objective, and of a French success at Verdun.

The roof collapses at short intervals, otherwise the turret is delicious.

Matron has gone off to Galatz to try and raise some firewood.

March 27th. Reni.

Yesterday an article in Polish appeared in one of the Russian newspapers, a remarkable sign of the times. The prisoners' N.C.O., who hails from Austrian Poland, nearly wept for joy, poor old dear.

Twenty slight cases admitted.

March 29th. Reni.

Matron back from Galatz and wood—we hope—to follow. She said Pappadopol still stands amidst the ruins of the Goods Station. The higher portions of the town have suffered very little.

I went for a long walk on the steppe,

THE UNIT DECORATED.

To face page 132.

and found the "Happy Valley." In a week the whole place will be wonderfully alive. Back by the trenches and wire entanglements with a magnificent view of the whole country.

March 30th. Reni.

Endless operations. No news.

March 31st. Reni.

We evacuated thirty-five patients.

A number of troops left for the trenches at 6 a.m. At 8 the body of one soldier was brought back to our Mortuary. He had shot himself this wonderful morning not more than a mile away.

I wonder if he had been there before—and knew, or if he had only sat and thought? His Officer brought him back—a boy, very young and tense. The extraordinary beauty of the morning makes the tragedy, oh, so hopeless and unutterable. Everything seemed to say live—I wonder if the little soldier felt that too, or if he only heard the rumbling of the guns on the horizon.

CHAPTER VIII

APRIL

April 1st. Reni.

We admitted twenty-two. My Ward opened for three query fevers.

A heavenly day.

April 2nd. Reni

I went for a ride with M. after luncheon. It was great fun, but hard work from every point of view, for our steeds needed much encouragement. We found a new village possessed of two blue lakes and a wonderful view.

A successor to Captain B. has arrived—one Petrovitch. He speaks French, German, and Italian, was an opera singer, and is hampered by an artistic temperament, which he can never, never forget. He has a Secretary too. A languid young man in a beautiful Cossack cloak—very long and curly (the cloak, I mean, not the young man).

April 5th. Reni.

A big bombardment as from beyond Galatz last night.

Our Laundry Superintendent's chiefest assistant has gone off to Galatz in company with a soldier. And poor dear T. was just contemplating taking her back to England to be the prop of her declining years! And that has not been her only disillusion of late. David—the Laundry Orderly—she loved very much, indeed so did we all. And he fell ill, which was very sad, for he was just about to go on leave; his wife had died, he did not know what might befall his daughters, and he had no news. We loaded him with sympathy, and then we made a fearful discovery—David was a Mohammedan, he had six wives, it was only the seventh who had died!

(*Extract from a letter.*)

The B.A.C. Tommies apparently take quite a jealous interest in our welfare, and great rivalry exists in Odessa between them and the British Red Cross Orderlies as to the superiority of either Unit. And another story tells of a chilly Tommy on

the quay at Galatz saying to his Officer: "I hope you are not going to keep us here all night, Sir; remember we are not the Scottish Women!"

The weather is gorgeous, hot days and cool nights. The Hospital is busy, though there has been no rush as yet, and the cases are light. Still, we have about fifty patients in, and receive and evacuate quite half that number every two or three days. We rather dread a move, for there would be little chance, I imagine, of doing more than retrace our footsteps for a month or two, and it would be awful to sit in Galatz or Braila all the summer. Of course, if we could sweep through Rumania, we would pack cheerfully to-morrow, but I suppose that is not to be expected.

There are great compensations to be had out of an uneventful existence here. We have started quite a large Out-Patients Department for the troops of the Reni Division, and the men flock in. They are most anxious to be received at the "Angliscke Lazaret," and our reputation with them helps enormously in dealing with men from the Front. Now, they no longer look upon us as strangers, but arrive

smiling, make friends, and are sorry to go. And we are often very sorry to lose them.

Riding is our newest diversion, and it is great fun. The steeds remind me chiefly of the seaside donkey of my youth, and the Cossack saddles cause us exquisite pangs; nevertheless, the horses are visibly improving, and I for one am not sorry they have lost something of their first fire!

April 7th. Reni. (*Extract from a letter.*)

A delirious, a positively delirious mail this morning. To make matters perfect F. got a day off for us both out of the authorities, so that it came about that the mail surprised us, having scrambled eggs for breakfast in the turret, where we proceeded to spend a blissful morning. Now, she and I and M. are away in that dip of the steppe, which we have christened the "Happy Valley," with luncheon, tea, and supper in our haversacks. The Happy Valley is cultivated here and there, and full of little fruit trees not yet in blossom, and of little queer flowers that are. There is a vineyard farther up, and a stream down the middle, with big, big walnut-trees

alongside. And everywhere flocks of sheep, and altogether delightful shepherd babies.

Later.

We did about 10 miles after I wrote this yesterday. Our new village was too fascinating for anything. There were the blue lakes and the willows, very soft and grey and young, and large black and white storks balancing themselves in pools—all for us!

April 8th. Reni.

America has declared War on Germany.

April 9th. Reni.

Kropenski's son came to supper very lugubrious about the Revolution, and there are sinister rumours of wholesale mutiny and desertion from Galatz. Reni was bombarded, and the situation is obviously critical.

April 10th. Reni.

The Fever Hospitals at Galatz are reported full of typhus, but very few wounded are coming in. Braila is still

an island, and the snow from the Carpathians has yet to thaw, which will flood the place again.

April 13*th*. Reni.

After tea I proposed a walk to M. and we started for the Happy Valley. All the cherry blossom was in flower and innumerable beasts and green things flourished.

April 15*th* (*Easter Day*, O.S.). Reni. (*Extract from a letter.*)

We are enjoying our Russian Easter. I have just been down to the Wards. They were full of sailors up from the quay laden with bowls of white bread, coloured eggs, Easter cake, and bottles of wine, of all of which we were made to partake. And too I like the greeting:

"Christos Voskrese!" (Christ is risen.) and the answer:
"Voistenoo Voskrese." (He is risen indeed.)

After luncheon the Sanitars all trooped up to the house to receive their Easter present of money. First they tossed the Doctors, and then they cheered all those

who have fallen in the War, and the English Sisters. We in our turn cheered Russia. During the afternoon there was another outburst of cheering and Colonel —— was carried to the door of the Hospital by his men. He made a tour of the Wards with his Staff, greeting and kissing every man in turn. After tea the Sanitars gave an entertainment in the courtyard of the Hospital, and we saw some really beautiful dancing. F. and I. danced the polka with them, and later performed the Highland Schottische with immense success! A sailor played the Balalaika and sang—a really enchanting performance.

There are sundry gloomy rumours about —chief amongst them that of a Russian evacuation of Galatz.

April 16*th*. Reni.

The Galatz news is untrue, and a big English success in France is reported in the papers.

The sailors gave an entertainment this evening in the Ward, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar and a Balalaika. The men sit enthralled, and the music is often beautiful.

The Colonel came up to supper. In Russia, at least, Easter is a real festival.

All the Austrian prisoners who have, up till now, been quartered in the Pruth village are to be moved back; two Russian regiments are to take their place.

April 17*th*. Reni.

A wild storm from midday on, hail-stones quite an inch in diameter, and all the windows on the weather side of the Hospital are broken. Had a half day.

April 18*th*. Reni.

Work uneventful, but the turret spent a ridiculous night. The ceiling, which is made of mud, fell about us in chunks, owing to a leaking roof and much rain. It was impossible to deal with the situation, so we buried ourselves under ground sheets and macintoshes, took our valuables to bed with us, and hoped for the best!

April 19*th*. Reni.

I am told this weather lasts a fortnight —will the turret? This morning our floor was a sea of liquid mud; here and there a sort of bog stopped all progress, and gum

boots were the only possible form of bedroom slipper. Soon we shall give way altogether, and collapse on to the heads of the Sisters below.

The Bulgarian guns that had been bombarding Reni have been silenced by our own. But they are now mounting a 12-inch gun out of range of ours, and capable of knocking us to bits. A gas attack is also threatened.

Two nice A.C. Tommies came in to supper, and there is a vaguely hopeful air about the rumours.

April 20th. Reni.

Fine but chilly. A new patient developed typhus.

April 21st. Reni.

Two A.C. Tommies spent the day here on their way through from Galatz to Tiraspol. They said that the literature dropped in the Russian trenches by the Bulgarians at Easter was full of the abuse of England, and very cleverly written. They only made one mistake. They said we were responsible for the deposition of the Romanoffs.

April 22nd—26th. Reni.

Nothing of importance, changeable weather, air-raids. A sinister rumour about that Russia means to make a separate peace, but we refuse to believe it.

I rode this evening with M. A good little horse, and it was great fun.

Our Austrian Orderlies have been taken away, and replaced by a new lot—much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

April 27th. Reni.

Cold. Air-raids. Work as usual.

April 28th. Reni.

M., F., and I moved into tents. We were given one apiece—heavenly.

April 29th. Reni.

Rode with Sister G. The men were evacuated.

April 30th. Reni.

This morning an enemy aeroplane was brought down behind the Bulgarian lines by a Russian machine.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

I have got one entire tent to myself. I wonder if you can realize what that means after a minimum of four in a room? I moved yesterday, and in consequence my temper is becoming momentarily more angelic. To wake up in the morning and find yourself lord of a kingdom 8 × 10 is real bliss. The weather is uncertain, and prone to violent storms of wind and rain—I hope the kingdom won't collapse! The art of keeping warm *in* bed I have brought to perfection.

One of the patients was heard to remark the other day: "The Russian Sisters are pretty, but they are not good—the English Sisters are good, but they are not pretty!" We are very cast down.

Dr. I. is getting very restless, the fighting on this Front seems so long delayed, and believes that the Serb Division will soon want us again, though whether for work here or to follow them to Salonica seems uncertain. Of news from Petrograd we have none.

The birds in the Happy Valley are thrilling us. There are bright blue birds and golden birds, there are horsey-looking

fellows in black and white check—magpies galore — hawks, buzzards, storks, and cocky-olly birds of all sorts, sizes, and tongues.

We have only 40 patients in, but as the cases now are mostly medical or else sent in for operation a good deal of the work is interesting and new.

CHAPTER IX

MAY

May 1st. Reni.

We sang the Marseillaise, and waved blood-red banners all day. It is a good safety valve, I suppose, if not exactly business. I rode with Dr. I., and went for a walk with M. after supper. A gorgeous night.

May 2nd. Reni.

One bit of good news to-day. The Turks and the Bulgarians are fighting amongst each other in the Dobrudja. It's more than we do anyway—fighting.

Galatz was heavily shelled. A poor little lunatic boy was brought in this evening by his N.C.O. He would insist on taking his trousers off, and dictating peace terms to the Kaiser through the lamp wires.

I had a day off, and a long walk with M.

May 3rd. Reni.

No news, wet and windy.

May 5th. Reni.

Matron was stopped by some soldiers on her way into the village this morning, who asked her if we had everything we wanted—for if not, *they* would see that we got it! And Nikolai distinguished himself by telling four Russian Doctors who were paying us a state visit that no Russian Hospital he'd ever seen was anything like as good as ours!

Air-raids.

I went for a long picnic walk with M. and F. First we dawdled down the Happy Valley, and the Valley that is beyond. This brought us to a big farm, all orange in the sunset, and after we had successfully surmounted the usual obstacles in the form of the decaying corpses of horses and cattle, we found a golden green field where we ate our supper. By then the sun had disappeared and the world grown chilly, so we struck out through a belt of trees and made for high open ground. When we reached the Pruth, well above the village, we sat down to rest. The moon

had not yet risen, and in the brown shadow of the twilight we watched the red glow die over Galatz.

And then we said we'd go home. We did not dare make for the familiar shore road, as we were behind the defences, and would probably have been shot at sight, so we kept inland—and walked. We got completely lost, and when we found a landmark we were quite 5 miles the farther and the wrong side of Reni. But it was well worth it. There was a wonderful moon, and we seemed all alone in an utterly soundless world. Wherever we looked, the sweep of plain, and now and then the gleam of the river in the distance.

May 6th. Reni.

Work as usual. The troops had a field day, or rather a field night, and rushed yelling round our tents for hours.

May 8th. Reni.

Miss H. and an enormous mail arrived about 10 p.m., but my news was not good.

A SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK ABOVE RENI.

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May 9th. Reni.

We were heavily bombarded this afternoon, and a shell burst only 100 yards from the Hospital. It was interesting to watch. The Bulgars had sighted our nearest battery. We could see the puff of their guns as they were fired and the shells bursting this side, and we could watch our return fire equally well.

May 10th. Reni.

A smallpox out-patient. Huge excitement and much waving of Typhol.

It is decided that I ought to go home, though it's very, very hard to leave. Simeon was delightful, and Sister G. gave a lovely farewell supper-party for me. We sang songs, and watched the most amazing summer lightning playing over Galatz.

May 11th. Reni.

Wet and wild. I went to the Happy Valley. It was very grey and sad.

May 12th. In the Train.

Left Reni. *Miserable.*

May 14*th*. Odessa.

I had a somewhat verminous journey here, sandwiched in between free-born Russians. We were kicked out at Odessa at 4 a.m. this morning. I went to the waiting-room, until N. turned up about 6, and had a long conversation with a really interesting Russian. He was a Socialist, who had before the War travelled all over Europe studying economic conditions.

N. took me to a very welcome bath, bed, and breakfast. The state of things here is a revelation. They are on the eve of a Pogrom, the Jew element is synonymous with the German, and their organization for propaganda marvellous. Only this evening a telegram was published in the papers announcing that the Allies had demanded the instant suppression of the Soviet (Soldiers' and Workmen's Committees). The telegram was traced to a Jewish source—denied, and the edition as far as possible confiscated—but the harm was done. Every minute makes leaving harder.

In the evening the Consul telephoned to say I could catch the train for Petrograd to-morrow morning at 7.

May 18*th*. Petrograd.

I reached Petrograd this morning. The train was very crowded, and we travelled by the most direct and the dullest route, touching neither Kiev nor Moscow. I met one interesting man, the head of the Food Supply Department for Odessa City. He spoke perfect English, and in spite of the alarming price of food in Odessa—supplies being largely in the hands of the Jews—was not unduly pessimistic. Nevertheless, the food problem is responsible for much that is critical in the present state of unrest.

There were some abominable Jews in the next-door carriage, who pretended they were English, and tried to scrape acquaintance the whole way. The North does not in an equal degree share the feeling of South Russia against the race, so doubtless this party consider that for the moment the North is a healthier place of residence. In my own carriage a most unpleasant Russian lady, but it all might have been a great deal worse.

I drove straight to Mrs. L.'s house from the station, and found to my dismay that she had left for Christiania the day before.

The Hotels I knew were all overflowing, and I was in the middle of pondering my next move, when a youthful Englishman appeared from nowhere in particular and offered me a telephone and two bachelor flats. I accepted the first, and telephoned to C. at the Anglo-Russian Hospital. She was in, so I climbed back into my Isvostchik and drove there. The Hospital is in the Dmitri Palace on the Nevski, a huge and wonderful place. The Matron invited me to lodge at their Nurses' Home—a re-incarnated Night Club—so C. and I went off there together. In the afternoon I imbibed new sights, sounds, and smells, and left a note at the Embassy. The streets are full of soldiers, but quite quiet, and the crowd on the Nevski makes progression infinitely slow. The population, thanks to Polish refugees and the enforced residence of most of the richer people, is now 3,000,000 as against 1,000,000 in time of peace. There are no police, trams are so crowded there is not even toe-room, Isvostchiks are as ruinous as they are dishonest and the distances are enormous. I saw *real* Gipsies for the first time—none of your weary, dreary, poaching English variety, but ladies

with a sense of colour and a very distinct sense of the dramatic. Mongolians, too, with century-old padded coats, very beautiful as to colour, but—unclean. Beggars innumerable and picturesque, but also—a sordid disgrace—mutilated soldiers begging in the streets under a Government begging licence. Lepers, of course, for on the outbreak of the Revolution these too declared themselves free-born, and are now enjoying the fruits of liberty with the rest of the citizens of this millennium. Which reminds me of a story I heard in Odessa. When the prisoners there were released the first thing they did was to elect the chiefest criminal amongst them Governor of the Gaol.

The victims of the Revolution are buried—inadequately—in the Champ de Mars. At first it was the people's wish that the spot chosen should be the gardens of the Winter Palace; this was over-ruled, but I like it—the suggestion that these martyrs should lie for ever in the House of the Romanoffs.

The Champ de Mars is railed off in the centre and makes a convenient rallying ground for the discontented, from soldiers to school-children.

May 19*th*. Petrograd.

Had luncheon at the Embassy, and in the evening they telephoned asking me to come and stay.

May 20*th*. Petrograd.

To the Embassy at tea-time. I landed in the middle of a tea-party, and wished I didn't look so like an eccentric boy scout.

May 21*st*. Petrograd.

I have got the most heavenly room looking out on the Neva, with the most heavenly bed where breakfast finds me in the morning, and is followed by a yet more heavenly bath next door. The difficulties of getting out of the country are enormous, and I chase my passport all day.

May 31*st*. In the Train. Petrograd–Torneo.

C. and I left Petrograd this morning. It has been a wonderful time, and I want to go back worse than ever.

To begin with, it is a really beautiful city, though it is built on a marsh, and the climate is vile. I arrived in a snow-storm, and to-day it is almost too hot to

breathe. And always, always, a hot and dusty wind, or a cold and snowy one. But there are compensations. I don't wish for anything much more satisfactory than to be out about 2 a.m. in a clear blue twilight, with sunset and sunrise getting entangled across the river. Or more beautiful than, say, the spire of the fortress of Peter and Paul, the colour of the blue Mosque opposite, or the huge Palace of Metchnikoff—Peter the Great's friend.

The churches are disappointing, but I like the instinct that enclosed the gutter, the rail, and the pavement on which the body of Alexander II. fell within the church raised on the spot to his memory. That dusty bit of road is a better monument than most.

It is significant that now the churches are deserted, for if ever a people possessed an instinct for religion, a profound "will" for it, the Russian does. And one realizes, too, that Petrograd is modern in the wide sense; it is the centre only in name. Here come most elements from the outside world, and fewest from real Russia. Everything that is disloyal, everything that is feverish and uncertain, the soldier who

wants peace and plenty without further trouble, a tragically childish outlook on the part of the ignorant population—in itself a confession of what they have suffered—or else a tragically superficial one from the man who cannot read or write, but is told he is henceforward the ruler of his country. But through it all you find expressed suddenly and unerringly an amazingly direct instinct for what is beautiful—in the city, in colour here, in music there, in books, in painting, in the theatre, in a peasant's choice of an expression. It is the stamp of an individuality, and it breaks through at moments when indolence and corruption seem to have won the day and surely with a promise for the future.

Meanwhile it is not a little humorous to walk past the figure of the autocratic Catherine on the Nevski, for she holds in her hand to-day a small and very modern red flag! Not far away is the Astoria Hotel, which suffered so much at the hands of the Revolutionary troops. One of their own Generals had given his word that no arms were hidden in the Hotel; in all good faith a regiment marched by, and were

instantly opened fire on from the windows by a machine-gun. The men burst in, and were met on the staircase by Commander Locker Lampson and several British Officers, who succeeded in saving the women and children from rough handling and, to a certain degree, in controlling the men.

There was a curious scene at the Opera one night. During an entr'acte half a dozen soldiers walked on to the stage, and, addressing the audience, their spokesman explained that his Regiment now in Petrograd had been to the Front and had suffered very severely. They were now resting, but if subscriptions were forthcoming they might find it possible to fight again. The hat was then passed round by fairies from the chorus! Thus were we reminded of the Revolution and murdered Generals floating in the canals, workers asking for a six-hour day, strikes and much singing of the Marseillaise all bore witness.

The great palaces are all deserted or confiscated for public purposes; their owners have either fled or else are prisoners.

The trouble is that instead of one clear impression of the Revolution one comes

away with half a dozen contradictory ones.

I think that the truest view of the Empress is that she worked unconsciously in enemy interests, partly owing to her submission to influences at Court now admittedly German, but largely owing to her intense fear of the people. She was determined to hand on the power to her son undiminished, and was incapable of associating increased freedom with the conception of a powerful throne.

Of the Tsar's loyalty there seems not the smallest doubt, but it is really tragic to think of the tremendous opportunity that man missed.

Lately there is some improvement reported in the attitude of the troops at the Front. Capital punishment has been abolished some time, and any attempt on the part of the Officers to prevent fraternization with the enemy has hitherto usually ended fatally for the former. But a different case was reported the other day from the Riga Front. Some men caught fraternizing were court-martialled by their own Soldiers' Committee, marched out to No-man's-Land, and there flogged in full

view of the German troops. The punishment was severe. One man died, and four are now in Hospital.

Hospital "stuff" is frightfully short all over Russia. England sends out a fair quantity, but the congestion at Archangel makes delivery very slow. At one of the poorer Petrograd Hospitals bandages are changed once a fortnight! Discipline in Hospital makes the well-brought-up British hair rise. The men come and go, stay or vanish at their own sweet wills, but as a rule it is the men who have been wounded who are ready to go on. In judging them one must remember that before the Revolution soldier's pay was 75 kopeks a month (less than 1s. in English money), and that they fought with no hope of leave, with little or no news from home, and, so I have been told, with the knowledge that in the event of disablement they would have to face the world again with a clean shirt, 10 rs. (roughly 15s.) and perhaps a begging licence for all capital.

The other day Lady Georgina Buchanan was leaving one of the Hospitals, where she had been visiting a convoy of maimed prisoners of war just returned from Ger-

many. At the door a Sister called her back, saying that one of the men, not having before realized that she was English, would like to speak to her. She found a man lying in bed. "Excellency," he said, "I want to thank you in all our names for the wonderful kindness shown to us by our British fellow-prisoners. Everything they had they shared with us."

CHAPTER X

JUNE

June 1st. In the Train. Haparanda–Stockholm.

We arrived at Torneo, the frontier town of Finland, about 12, and after luggage and Passport formalities were shipped across the river to Haparanda. Our luggage is everywhere let through without question, but the civilians have a bad time of it. At Haparanda a Doctor hopefully inquired whether we were suffering from either smallpox or cholera.

We put our kit-bags on a truck and started to walk up to the station. A Swedish soldier insisted on carrying our bundles, talked to us in excellent English, and proved to have been educated at Oxford. Half-way to the station we passed a little church and cemetery. Here Russian prisoners returning home from Germany are buried when their strength fails them at the frontier. It is pretty tragic.

And now sadly—farewell to Holy Russia.

June 2nd. In the Train. Haparanda–Stockholm.

All day in the train. Attractive but quite "expected" country, and two nice women, one Russian and one English, in the carriage. Next door an extraordinarily amusing American. He sits in our midst most of the day, patting poor little Europe on the back, telling us tall stories, his plans past, present, and future, of his friends and his achievements, failing quite comically to understand the first thing about Russia, but always amusing and always good-tempered, with an unrivalled gift of expression. The most vital being I have met for months, and it has been fun coming across his as the first personality after ten months in Russia the Oriental.

The cleanliness of everything is quite marvellous; I already miss the "do as you please" attitude of back yonder. Here so many things are "verboten." You may not sit on the coach steps or climb on the roof if you feel so inclined, you mayn't even be left behind if you want to. And spitting is considered a nasty habit. What would they say to the Russian soldier who, when the Regimental Doctor urged upon

him the uses of a pocket handkerchief, replied: "Why should I keep a 'Cabinet' in my pocket?"

The food is good, and bread tickets were issued to us on the Frontier.

June 3rd. In the Train. Stockholm–Christiania.

Arrived at Stockholm early. A pouring wet Sunday, and nothing to do, so we filled up the time touring round the town on a tram, and eating and washing at the best Hotel.

We are forced to associate with Germans —hungry brutes, glad enough to be rid of the Fatherland. In the smoking-room of the Hotel there were men reading the Scandinavian papers, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *New York Herald*, the *Novoe Vremya* and The *Times*—and yet there was no murder!

We left about 9 p.m. The Russian(?) Sister who tried to pump me as to when the boat left Bergen has disappeared.

June 4th. Christiania.

Arrived at Christiania about 11 a.m., and S. met us on the platform. We left

our stuff at an Hotel, and spent the rest of the day with her at the Legation. Very hot. It is a most pleasant spot. We leave for Bergen early to-morrow.

June 5th. Bergen.

In the train all day and a wonderful journey. From hot Christiania through snow and ice back to the fyords and a lovely sunset—I just loved it. The only adventure was a broken bridge. We were made suddenly to disembark, and carry all our baggage over a roaring torrent, and then camp in a tremendous downpour of rain until such time as a train came to pick us up. We got to Bergen at 11 p.m., and were taken to lodge at a Hospital for the night.

June 6th.

Free-born Bergen is on strike, hence a complete absence of carriages and trams. C., I, and two of the Sisters from the Hospital tottered the two miles to the Consulate with all our luggage, and arrived in a most unbecoming state of heat. But we were quite comforted to hear that the boat was to leave this afternoon.

C. looted a sort of Lord Mayor's coach in her best Russian manner—the driver was so astonished that he became as wax—we hauled our kit-bags out of the customs and proceeded to the quay, leaving our fellow-travelling civilians to gnash their teeth and—wait. We found our boat, and a cabin and English sailors and a quite gorgeously nasty English tea.

The boat left amidst sympathetic and eternal farewells. And now, in the words of the gunner: "Ye can just go to yer-r bunks and sleep, for ye're safe as churches and ye'll be in A-berr-deen to-morrow after-r-noon." In other words—"Je m'en fiche bien des Bosches."

June 7th. In the Train. Aberdeen–King's Cross.

Nothing will make me believe that Aberdeen is not the eighth wonder of the world and the most beautiful city on earth.

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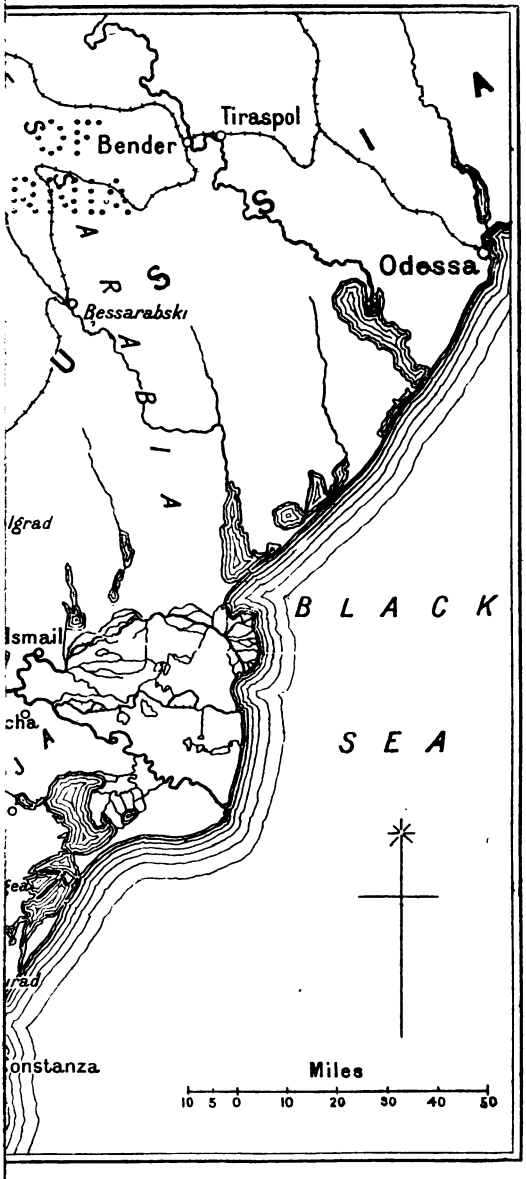
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